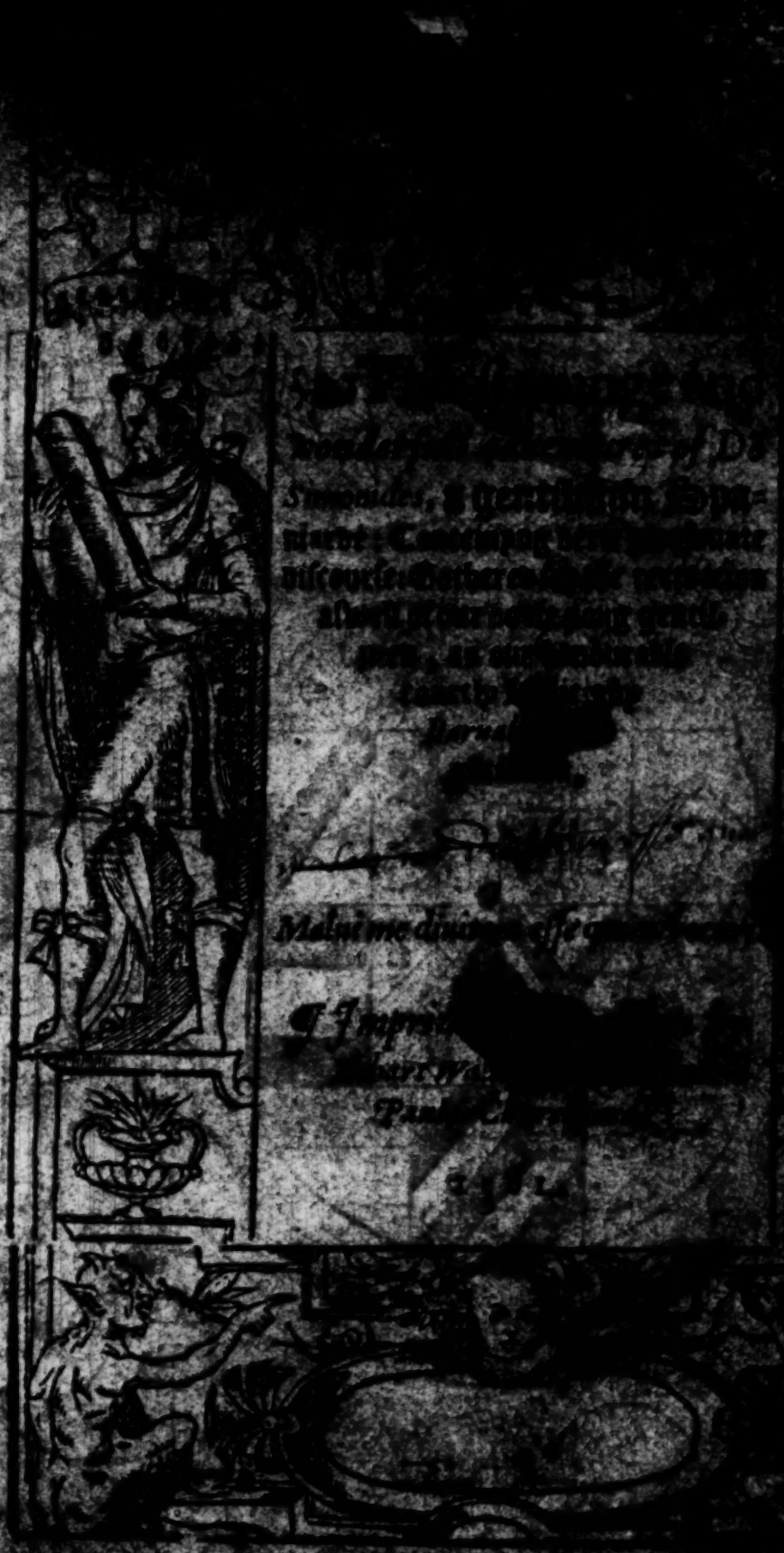

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE my verie good Maister,

Sir Christopher Hatton Knight, Captaine of her Maiesties Gward, Vitzchamberlaine to her highnesse, and one of her Maisties moste Honourable priuie Counsaull.

OVR SOVLDIOVR (right honorable) hath betaken hymself to his penne, for there is no meanes to employe hym to the practise of his Pike: he hath (to auoide idelnesse) laied open his little skill to the worlde, and requested the well lettered to lette passe his errours, since thei passe vnwetyngly, and in his owne knowledge he winketh at somewhat, least he should seeme curious: and perhappes pretermitteth necessities, in that thei require matter passyng his reache.

He hath dedicated his trifles vnder your honourable title, to the ende at leisure, thei might serue you to laugh at. For other, thei shall finde bothe Honie, if thei indeuour as the Bee,

...son, if thei enterprise as the Spider. My flow-
res bee of full growthe, and minister sweete and
sowre smelles, to sundrie complexions: If thei
please your honour with their homely rudenesse,
for backbityng Ignoraunce, I esteeme it of small
importaunce. I had rather the Enuious should
woorke me credite, by their iniurious follie, then
the noble myndes of my valiaunt good Lordes,
should any waies misse of accustomed pleasure;
and the fruites of my seruiceable, and
dutifull endeuour; and thus
I most humbly take
my leaue.

Your honours Souldior and
Seruaunt humblie to com-
mande.

Barnabe Riche.

To the noble Gentilmen of Englande: Barnabe Riche Soul-dior, sendeth greeting.

Gentilmen, for your pleasures, I haue laied open the Anatomie of a curious louer, the fantasies of an Amorous Heremite, the cõstancie of a vertuous lady, the mediocritie of a gracious Prince, the confession of a deuoute Matrone, the description of notable *Pandarina*: the passion of a solitarie Shepeherde: the discourse of a gallante Souldior: the graue aduise of an auncient Father, the wholesome counsaill of a yong brother Pilgrime: and to conclude, the passionate demeanure of a foolishe obstinate Louer.

I haue the rather indeuoured to laie this open to the worlde, for that (now adaies) it is more infected with this folly, then affected with the desire of continent staiednesse. This booke bringeth pleasure with profite: it reproueth vice in his owne habite, and manifesteth vertue, by openyng the infection of errour.

All this (Gentilmen) I haue doone for your sakes, to whose pleasure I cõmende my paines.

For the acceptaunce of my labour, as there

are twoo sortes of men that shall see it, so there is but one sorte that will like it.

The well lettered will wincke at an errour, the capcious misliker, will finde faulte without a cause.

For the one I will honour his Modestie, for the other I will laugh at his follie: For he that correcteth in opinion, shall bee accounpted vnwise, by abused iudgement.

If wee striue aboute the letter, and leaue the sence, wee might seeme desirous to write verballie, rather then wiselie.

The Souldiour (how so euer the worlde goeth) hath sette out this whetstone for yong wittes, wishyng that his vnlettered diligence, might make their idell tymes, better occupied.

If this please well, I will wade farther: if it displeaseth the ignorannte, I am vndoubtedlie perswaded of the wise.

But please or displease, the worlde muste
now bee [illegible] who since it is a toy, do
but vse it as a trifell: now read
it, strait looke it: farewell.

B. R.

¶ Thomas Lodge Gentilman, in praise of the Authours worke.

WHere wanteth iudgement and aduised eye,
To noate or coate, the thyng that is amisse,
Good Riche a wiseman hardly can denye,
But that your Booke by me ill mended is:
My hedde suche pleasure can not brooke by gis
Whose long distresse hath laied his Muse to rest,
Or duld his Sprightes, or sences at the lest.

Some errours yet, if any suche there bee,
Your willyng mynde, maie quicklie them subdue,
For wisemen winke, when often tymes they see,
Yet fooles are blynde, when moste they seeme to vewe,
Of proude contempt this mischief doeth ensue,
That he that scornes the fruite of honest toile,
From base regard, hymself can scarse assoile.

The wisest men, for that they mortall were,
Did runne amisse, and kept not leuell still,
Some wanton woorkes, some grauer stile did beare,
Yet eche proceeded from the self same quill:
Wee ought not thinke, that those men's myndes were ill,
For sure the vice, that ther did laye in [illegible]
Was for to make it growe to more request.

I leaue thee now, my Muse, affordes no more,
A dolefull dumpe pulles backe my pleasaunt vaine,
Looke thou for praise, by men of learned lore,
Despise the skoffe, that growes from shuttle braine,
For me I honour thee for taking paine,
And wishe eche youth, that spendes his tyme amisse,
Would fixe his penne to write suche woorkes as this.

Vita misero longa, felici breuis.

Life is longe to a happy man
& short to a miserable man

The Printer to the courteous Reader.

WHo frames his pen, to please eche readers mynde,
Or writes to teache all men dame vertues lore:
Shall suche confused stuffe and method make,
As nere was writ, or came to passe before.
He pleaseth none, that would contente vs all,
As good sit still therefore as rise and fall.

To write of mirthe, delightes naught whit the Drone,
To muche of witte, doeth loath the foolishe sotte:
The capticus mate, would serue his mynde alone,
All graue preceptes are now a daies forgotte.
Who pleaseth not the worlde, shall reape no gaine,
And who so doeth, shall spende his tyme in vaine.

If decent mirthe bemixt with pleasaunt stile,
Maie moue thy minde good reader to delight:
Accept his will, reward his paine with praise,
Whiche did this fine and pleasaunt storie wright.
Wherein thou [illegible] of witte and learnyng finde,
Sufficient [illegible] please thy courteous minde.

The faultes are myne, that passed haue the Presse,
The praise is his, that tooke the paine to penne:
Yet paines to bothe, of truthe I must confesse,
A thankleſſe woorke, to please all kinde of menne.
Yet as it is receiue, and there an ende,
A woorke well likte of all, is wisely pende.

FINIS. R. W.

but the necessitie inforceth me to speake. Now sweet Fayre Virgin, haue two louing parents, whose intierest loues, haue bene furtherers of our acquaintaunce: My Father hath mee his onelye sonne, to increase his goodes: me: your Calides, hath you his onely Daughter, to multiplye in addition, and to endeavour your selfe, that your Fathers labour, be not determined in you: I am commaunded to wed, and you were borne to loue: I am to make my choice, if for acquaintaunce, shoulde I refuse Clarinda; if for beautie, I neede not seeke Venus: for vertues, as they are hardly founde in Women, so are they not to seeke in you: You are a Mayde, whereupon I haue determined with my selfe, since inwarde fervencye hath made mee settle my liking on your sweete selfes to trye out the extremyties, and to leaue no submissive on vnsought for, or seruice vndone, vntyll I haue gayned the hope of my assurance, whiche perchaunce, I imythe to bee accomplished by speech.

But for that the verdite must passe vnder your owne allowaunce, and the sentence of my good fortune, dependeth on the iudgement of your adored lykynge: Giue mee leaue a little, to make way to my purpose, and to leuyll at your thoughtes, whereby a mutuall consent, by verball agreement may bee had. Two causes in Nature, haue endeared my thoughts to the liking of you: First your vndoubted vertues, next your rare beautie: Your vertues, as time hath wrought them, are growne to their full eyrnelle: your beautie, as Nature made it, is the Ensigne of honest, and fauourable symplicitye.

Now, where youth hath iudgement, how may it bee: that fyndinge you the onely Paragon of perfection in CIVILL, hee shoulde desist to honour you, and to make hys choyce amongst our vneuell SPANISH Ladyes: whose outwarde deuotion is so Heauenlye: whose

[illegible] sufficient, & they are as deadly: How saye Dianetta, what coulde you, what dumpes are you growen into? why not the Darte of Cupid yet pearced your indurable Chastitie? are my perswasions of no effect? mocke they no wonders? allurevlye for (my part) they purpose the discourse of an honest mynde, how so euer they be allowed of in your fantasie?

Whis young Mayde and sayde Clarinda, hauinge attentiuelye harde the woordes of her young play felowe Simonides, (lyke to the vnruly Heyfer not yet staled,) so her Maydenlyke demeanures not yet altered, gaue hope to lewdye imaginations, now driuing this way, now turning that way, to diuerter the lyuine lande of the proposed discourse: and although she felte a litle tickling heate make some motions of after allowance, yet beinge of so much Maydenlyke perfection, as that she coulde allowe to folow the foule, yet sometime serue the flesh, after some Methodicall guise, with a certayne modestie (yet coy) countenaunce, she answered thus: Doo Simonides it may not be, but that as nature hath allowed you emptie proportion, so disdained she not, but that you shoulde bee partaker of some perfection: And though she hath made me a weake vessell, vnable to resist, yet hath she graunted all Womankinde an abuded will to refuse it, at our lyues byrth we receiue impressions of good and bad, and as yeares increase, so our vertues and vices greawe to the top, the one to the perfection of the mynde, the other to the destruction of the bodye: and though man be borne to attempte, yet Women were made to maintaine: and must you needes wed Simonides, when you speake, God giue you ioy: of truth there be fayre Damsels in Ciuill beautifull inough, but for our old acquaintaunce, learne this of me toyne Beautie with honestie, the wrong I shall haue, I shall lose myne olde chaste play felowe, who vppon an earthly commaunde, is determyned to hazarde the Immortalytie of hys soule.

Ah

Ah Simonides, Simonides, would thy Father haue thée wed, and hast thou made thy choice of mée, O vnkinde Father, O vnequall choice: what wisdome hath thy Sire to make thée gouernour of many, that art yet insufficient to rule thy selfe, & to make thée a bye word to the worlde, where now thou art a spectacle of chast honour: what calamities (my olde friende) shouldest thou feele, when thy wealth should be impaired by ill seruaunts: thy memorie wearied with many worldlye sorrowes: perhaps an vnkinde wife, amongst many Children some must bee infortunate: Now counting this (my Simonides) what made you to chose mée, thinke you Fortune fauoureth mée to much? or is my chastitie an eye sore to our nominated Maides of Ciuill? you thought your former honest entercourse, would some what availe in this your later (yet inuisible) commaunded societie: no, no, the Fort is vnpregnable: chastitie wil preuaile, God gaue mée beautie, not to make mée vicious, but comlynesse to continue chast: wedlocke is honorable, but worldly, chastitie is diuine, yea, & more then that it is heauenly: what made (I pray you) our learned Progenitours to haue so often reuelations, visions, perfections, but onely chast lyfe and deuout prayer, whereby they were famous in their posteritie, and gayned a Crowne of immortalitie: I know my speeches are not seasoned to your lykinge, but in that they bee bitter, they be cordiall: Simonides, take this answer: Clarinda was borne chast, and wyll die chast, and if you please to vse her as an honest friend, desist from seeking to make her your wedded pheare: I had rather my Fathers name should ende in my chastitie, then the offspring of my loynes should be the dishonour of our household: you see my nature my Simonides, I hope you wyll sue no more seeinge your repulse is so manifest: Clarinda wyll be your chast Sister to commaunde, you must seeke some other companion for your bed, she will rest a Virgin.

Simonides hauing heard the determined opinion of

his Mistresse: and seing the Anker of his hope was bereft of the Cable of comfort, grewe into an extasie of mourning and lamentacion: and withdrawing himselfe from her presence to his owne chamber, in melancholy deuocion, entred this Discoure.

Not without wisdome, the world is reported Sphearicall, in that it still turneth: and with iudgement, Fortune is said to be blinde, for that she is fleeting: our hopes are determined by yea and nay: our pleasures hange in the Balance of likyng: and when we thinke we haue the fastest foting, life is most subiect to declininge: we ymagyn euerye strange thinge a God: euery Idea of Folie, is become our Summum bonum: Our necessarie and naturall members, are displaced of their ordinarie courses: for beyng first created as the Mynisteres of the soule, now are they the disturbers of our Innocencie: Our Brayne, in stead of wise Preceptes, is cloyed with idle Imaginatiõs: our eyes, the deemers of our discretion, are made the blindenes of the insight of our soules: I had thought that no perswasions, could induce me to Follies, but now, I finde mine owne Imperfection.

O vaine man that I am, what brainsicke Imagynation is that which should depresse my Immortalytie?

Pardon me (my sweete Clarinda,) Simonides wyll bee no more passionate: but a sodain hot feuer ouerruleth my sences: I would refuse and can not: and am conquered by him that is not, so mine owne affections are mine owne destruction: I must loue, but whome? Clarinda hath refused me, for other choyce, I find hardly any worthy: yet there be many fayre Dames in Ciuill, but none so vertuous: many as riche, but fewe so relygyous.

But she list not loue, and why? thou art not worthy her loue: O Nature, why was I made so deformed? O iniust tymes, that drawe lykyng without equalytie, and infortunate Planets, that bestow not your effecte accordynge to mediocritie: but one repulse is of modestie: no

Forte

Although (good Brother Simonides) I amongst the many, am least able to counsell you touching reuolts of the mynde of our Parentes, and the familiarities, that hath passed betweene vs: I will be so bolde, to yeelde you my simple aduise, which though it fyt not your humor, yet I doubt not, but it shall profyt your mynde: I minde what fantasie vnction hath made you Melancholy, (whom naturally, both by your Fathers complection, and the constitution of your body, are prone sanguine: If humours worke your displeasure, an Apothycaries drenge shall meende all: But if (as I am well perswaded) your affections vnquiet the matter of your maladie, reason must be the medicine, to cure out the corruption which hath infected you.

Assuredly my patient, (which knowes the vttermost limits a sayling regarde) the greatest conquerours were they, that could be conquerors themselues: and honour is seldome ministred to them, which can maister their owne affections. You must rub off these vnmaintained scruples, which as they are the seruants of simple thoughts, so they bee the disparagements of a louely beautie: I holde you dulces, since my Father hath conferred this good opinion of you, that you humor woorke in you a while, but discretion will make you well at lasse. Good Simonides, haue care of your Father, respect his yeares: beholde my Parentes equally interrupted, with the like maladye: and for they? sakes and myne, your louing Sister, let not vaine hope carry you away, for? causes that be contemptible: neither sorrow much, for that slyding ioy, which is alwaies transitor?e: and if it bee my fortune, to woorke your amendement by my counsell, I doubt not but hereafter your eyen you will be setled, and your experience shall serue to supply my necessaries.

The discourse of this Damsell being ended, eche in presence, alowed her perswasion, onely Simonides, who coulde best coniecture of her determination, with meeke deyce, (crauling hymselfe on his Pyllow) gaue her this

to (they be vnaptly determine of sickness (my good mystris) that haue not ben subiect to diseases, for in all my passes (that I can remember) it is not possible by reason to redresse that which no medycine (touching the externall cause) is able to mollifie, only in some outward dyspositions the sences this allay, that cause shall cease out of my body which reason cannot, for some smatterat euils in the flesh, may be remoued with medycyne, but a sorrowe being grafted in the harte, will hardly byde the grapell of perswasion: for my sickness truely, it is a harte sore: the salue of which, since it is removed from my hope, by vnkinde displeasure, I deeme it were more fitter for me (passionat as I am) to die, then ouerburdened with weakness shoulder vp vnto sickness, my life should proue to me a liuing death: wherevpon I most humbly requested my parents pacience, lest their sorrowes they in my sight, be a greater increase of my sorrowe, for as they could not recall the time that is past, so they calamities cannot relyue me from my languishing sadnesse. Madame (sayd she) Cloelia, if yeelde you yourly thanks, for your kinde loue, but I feel that inward, that is to yeelde me satisfaction vnder: but for my parte, I should loue my death, that Fortune would shot me, to see an other happy in it, wherein I am most vnfortunate, and when I discend layre follies, you will conceiue, that your poore friend, was borne to beare the burthen, & an other to inioye the benefit: and for olde familiarityes sake, report that he that felt the refusall, was as worthy (for his constancy) to inioye, as he that possesseth the castell of my comfort, deserued (for his valours) to possesse.

These latter wordes were vttered, as thoughe they had passed from a Prophet of Trophonius.

The Parentes, seynge the Furie of the Sickenesse of they' Sonne to increase, and that their gentell and louing perswasions, rather wrought hys malancoly, then brought

had

had behoued to make him bonde in my harte, but y blinded
mistris that at an other watch, disparcling mine eyes
sure, bereauing mee of my rest, and drowning mee in the
daungerous flood of myne owne fancies, making mee the
Ensigne bearer to Cupid, with whom when I had ser-
ued long, and obtaining the place of desert, I enioyed my re-
ward, which I so dearely esteemed, as by it my fyrie
frame of liuelynesse was begyled of, in the desolation
of which, my felycytie was frustrated. I enioyed a para-
gon, who equallye imparted her perfections to mee, and
with such good nature, requited my loyaltie, as I with
admyration was rauyshed in her beautie, wee both being
of like same opinion, and chaste dyze, to the ende, that
the burning flame, that had entered the habytacle of our
reason, might bee slayed for a time, and not extinguished
for euer, (by our Fathers consent) betooke our selues to
wedlocke, thinkynge it a most happy lyfe, where Hyme-
neus is most coniersant and haunting, to our great solace,
(with mutuall consent) inioyed our purposed delight, the
space of eight monethes, vntill nature, vnequall fyrme,
cruell death, and frowning Fortune, bereft mee of my
delyght, turned my fancie, and with the forge of sinyster
fortune, bedewed the continuance of my good hope: in
stead of pleasure, heauynesse inyurred mee more, care
incombered my decaying lyfe, sorrow and desolation ba-
nished my health, and comfort was expulsed, by conceiued
dispayre. O Simonne, se the chaunge of time, a man now
happy, straight hapelesse, now compassed with Friendes,
now ouercumme with foes, this day riche, that day poore,
at morne a Prince, by night a Peasant. Our vaine lofty ho-
nour hangeth in a vaine ballance, and our estimatiō enu-
meth as the capacitie of the vnstable people fancieth, some-
times Cesar reuolued in the Senate, accompted a pa-
ter patrie, inuested with Princely Robes, after Tribune
pretor, no small time Emperour, beloued of Brutus, salu-
ted by Cicero, with Cesar a tyrant, slayne in the Senate,
hostis patrie, bereft of his Diadem, and pretended parri-
cor: frō an Emperour to a priuate liuer, payed with the

[illegible] owne kinde: [illegible] Gracius exclayming on
by the perlayning Cæsar, Ouidius, Dorastus, [illegible]
I fix my Storme that thus vnpassage, and therefore
vse the lenger discourse, by my mishaps, to arme the a-
gainst misfortune, my Fathers death made me know the
Worlde: now lothe learnde me the inconstancye of my
lyfe: at the fyrst incesse of my sorrow, Philly taught me
to hope all prosperyties, to deride the strife betweene for-
rune and lyfe, to hate the malady, by bewayling my selfe
of breath: My Genius taught me, that the Crosse was
layde on me for to make me knowe my selfe: to counte
of earthly thinges, as transytory, whereby I might fyre
my imagination more faster, on matters more perma-
nent: In these imaginations, and allanites of flesshe and
spyrit, I lyued no small lapse, till God bereft me of my
Father, and left me to the possession of his lande: I be-
ing fyll passionate of my former losse, and being lyuide
in, with accustomed solytarie contemplation, departed
my goodes in three seuerall portions, the one I bestowed
on my Progenie, the other I imparted to the poore, and
the thirde I reserued to the byelding of this poore Hermytage,
and simple Cottage, where, for the reste of my lyfe, I
haue inhabytumed my selfe to contemplation, where I am
growne to so perfect a perfection, that the lyfe lyuing, and
wordly felycitie, that before hath befall me, seemes nowe
(in my imagynation) but the increase of sinne, and encrease
rayner of cares: who hath nothing left, is hardly sorye: my
simple foode contents my mynde, since it is without feares:
for kinges daintie dishes (I haue heard) they be alwaies
sawced with suspition: the couetous careth to encrease
his to much: I delight in my meditacyons, and shunne
my inclination to pride: for the Lorde giues store of ri-
chor-phantes fyldom landed men: in the Fielde, I am accounte
ted all, amongst the creatures of Nature, who, as God
hath appointed them, obeyeth vnto my necessitie, and
yet couldst thou [illegible] fearfulnesse of my Sonne, my
Sister, I thought [illegible] vnfaithfully in my youth, but now
I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the Catastrophi of my discourse: if it profyt thée, I haue my wythe, if it be as well conceiued of thée, as it was ment by mée, the world should deceiue thée litle, and I shall reioyce in thée much.

Simonides hauing heard, the lardge and lamentable discourse, of the bemoure Father: yeeldinge him humble thanks for the same: gaue praise to the immortall gods, that it had pleased them, in more mercyfull to minyster to him, considering with himselfe, that in comparing of Aristo, his mishappes with his: his calamytie might seeme happynesse, and the rather that he was passionate, for her who was yet lyuinge, and the Hermyte distressed, for her that was departed: and for that by the precedent discourse, her perceiued that Aristo was his neare kinsman, wherefore hee thought best not to discouer himselfe, for feare his pretensed pilgrimage should be hindred, but yeelding deserued thankes to the olde father, he entered into his Cabin to him, where he found written in a faire table, these verses following, and as it is to be supposed Aristo his owne inuention.

VNtimely death and wayward heauens, ye PARCE sisters three:
What hateful hap hath made a breche betwen my life & mee,
Why is my trust & sweetest hope? of after pleasant life,
By Cruell CLOTHO cut in twaine, by reuing of my Wife.
O brittell lyfe, why flites thou so? ô ioyes the fruites of chaunge:
Why was MARCELLA mee bereft? by vncouth Fortune straunge,
Why was the beauties blase so bright? that darkned Phebus light:
Idimde by death, why fled hir ghost, which fed me with delight.
Did faire ORION in the East? disdaine the glittering eyes,
Of her whose lookes, while that she liu'd, did dim eche star in skies
Or faire Lucyna ielous Queene, lest Ioue should her eleue.
Dyd close her in the Center deepe, of heauie colde and drie.
If thou art chaunged to a soule, faire EPHIS, let mee knowe:
I will not straine with Orpheus, to fetch thee from below.
But if the higher heauens innoy, thy sweete and sacred spright,
As I coniecture it must bee, thou Sonne then of the night:
Inioy thy part, and let my soule, haue leaue with hers to reste
Which being body and a soule, did loue MARCELLA best.
Then shall my sad and drowping dayes, lead on in heauy mone:
When I inioy thy blessed ghost, be laide and left alone.

But

That I that loue Marcella still, am yet to ease my smart,
Yee powers bestryde that [illegible] is Misteriss of my heart.

Simonides, viewed these lines, with singular delight, and the rather for that partly, they were confyrmers of his owne conceiued fancye, whereuppon turning hymselfe to olde Aristo, he said:

My most louing Father, I conceiue by these fewe lynes, the earnest & loyal faith, that was betweene you & your Marcella, wherin I do not onely wonder, but also honour the continuance of the affections, which in yeares that are yet vnseasoned with constancie, can hardlye bee beleeued to rest, but in this one thing, I must think you happie, that Fortune hauing bereft you of one sweete benyfyt, hath left you partaker of a blessed and fortunate continencie, whereby you haue both learned to increase your earthly affection, with a heauenlye contemplation, and to consider with equalytie, the necessity of your Marcellas departure: and the happynesse, that they enioye, (which in that state that you are in) be solow after, In the life you led before, your liuing, your Lady, your earthly pleasures, brought with feare and care, but nowe what comfort and happinesse is to be compared to yours? who inioy that, that the most fortunate and wise men, for the moste parte haue fayled of, to weete, a contented minde: whiche beyng the Badge of a reasonable soule, what naturall cause, shall be removed from your conceipt: what hidden Phylosophie, vnknowen to your contemplation? And surely, I finde thus muche comfort, beyng a yonge man, and but beeing in one day your course of lyfe: that it were more better for a Prince to bee Irus for contentment, then to enioy the Regiment of the whole worlde: for whilst he seeth all pleasures he inioyeth none: and in midst of his sugred daintie suppeth vp sorrowes euerye day, tired with Suters, troubled with Damocles, euery night subiect to broken sleepes, ouerburthensome thoughtes, and vncouth Dreames: You good Father for all worldly

worldlye pleasures) haue attayned Aristotles summum bonum: Hauing both the goods of the mynde, whiche is Science, Art, and Contemplation: the perfectnesse of the body, which is to haue a seemly personage, a comely feauture, a good vilage: ỳ necessaries of fortune, which is erthly honor, riches, & such other ministers of heartbreking, your state is honourable, in that you are a religious Hermyt: and for Ryches, you haue most, in that you desyre least: for rightly wealth is not to be measured, by the abounddaunce in superfluitie, but by the sufficyencie in continencie: for excesse breadeth woe, mediocrytie, weale: Wherfore, good Father, reioyce in your haptnes, for I am releaued by thinking of your good Fortune, so that I woyll setle this for an Axioma, in my soule, that the solytarie lyfe is alwayes the best, since it is least worldly.

Aristo, reioced much at the speaches of this olde yong man, and imbracing him, commẽded his naturall affabylytie, answering him thus.

My Sonne, I cannot yelde to many, or sufficient thankes, to my most iust God, who hath bereste mẽ of my worldly trustes, slypper ioyes, fading pleasures, and transitorye delightes, to blesse mẽ with assured peace, continuaunce of health, no want of contynencie: and to conclude, with an inuincible minde: whereas (mẽ thinkes,) I could now maintaine open warre, against vniust Fortune, where as to fore, I alwaies folowed her with fyred deuotion, now fickle trust leadeth mẽ no more: for my foundation is layde on assuraunce, my Fame dependeth not vppon euerie blast of report: neither sicke I affectat honour, and inioying so great pleasures as I do, I am not determyned to chaunge them, since the chaunger (for the most parte) alwayes runnes to the worse, hardly to the better. The residue of my lyfe, as it is but short, so I determyne (as much as flesh woyll suffer) it shall be deuoute. But for that it is late, and drawyeth towardes supper time, if it shall please you to accept of a pore Hermytes prouision (simple as it is) for this night

(and as long otherwise as you please) you shall not be so wylling to stay, as I wyll be glad of your companie.

Simonides, accepted the offer, since it was so friendly, and after that hee had past ouer eight dayes, with the good olde Father, in sundrye discourses, deuises and occasions, takinge his leaue verie dutifullye of the deuout Aristo, with no small foysen of teares, shed by them both: vnderstandyng (by report) what a goodly citie Farara was, how honourable and iust a Prince was resident there: he directed his course thyther, and hauinge passed Pauia, and other places subiecte to that clymat: In midest of his trauell, he bethought him of his Clarinda, and the teares falling from his eyes, in remembraunce of his misfortune, hee communed in his iournying, to himselfe in this sorte.

Ah SIMONIDES, how infortunate art thou, that in the prime of thy young yeares: thy fortune was to become besotted on her, which disdayneth thy sute: O iniuste Clarinda, how cruell art thou whiche dispisest the humble seruice of thy equalles? must I be an exile in my young dayes, and tread vnknowne pathes for vncertaine pleasure: should a womans vaine refusall, banysh hym Cuill, whose returne would be no small ioye to his Parentes? This, this Simonides, shoulde haue bene thought on before: thy returne now would be thy discredit, and CLARINDA might well iest at her passionate young suter: Thou hast vndertaken trauyl, to what ende? to attaine loue: death may cut of her dayes, whō thou seruest: yet experience wyll make thy crosse lesse cordial: vayne wretch, cast off these cautels, they be but the moates of a foolish disaster, they beare no signe of setled fydelytie: for to the attainemēt of an Andromida, who would not venture with Perseus? or for the goodwyll of a Virgin, who would not bestryde Pegasus? who woulde not be Leander for Hero? or Theagines, to inioy a Cariclea: base brutes they be, that measure not loue and honor together, synce none can be venturous, except hee be amorous: the mind

cloyed

clogged with vncertaine fancie, drawes on the daye for dumpes, frames new castles in new Spayne, to the spending of his body, and the contempt of aduised insyght. The louer (if he aduenture) hath this, an vnspotted Virgin for his guerdon, with whom hee may inioye (a more then) heauenly contemplation, and by whom, hee may receiue (a more then) pleasaunt possession, in whom the worlde shall be multiplyed with gallaunt myndes, and the venturer inioy an assured signe of victorie: what gayneth he with Pen in honour, that he with Launce leaues vnworthylye possessed in Feelde, to please hys Mysterisse.

Well Simonides, leaue off thy sowre remembraunce of thy Parentes, synce by the present tryall, thou art to be infeofed, of a possession that is most delectable: and let thy eraued myndе bee comforted, with an assured hope of royall reward: lose not a more then heauenly possession for a litle pleasaunt trauyll, to thine owne perfection. Thou hast thought thy Clarinda worthye thy loue, then think not scorne to please her by thy labour: perhaps at this very instant, she bethinkes her selfe of thy iourney, in thy constancie, and determyning, that thou onelye for thy fayth shalt be rewarded with her loue, let not her opynion be frustrated: Simonides, shee loueth thee, and leaue thou not to lyue for her.

Discoursing thus with hymselfe, he ascended a steepe and stately mountayne, from which, beholding the leuell on euerie side, it was his fortune to espie out, a most delightfull and pleasant plot of grounde, furnished with all exquisit proportion, and disposition of Arte, fenced with the Walles of Nature, two statelye Rockes, shadowed with the rayes of seemelye Ceaders, and beautyfyed with the Mantell of the delyghtfull Ladye FLORA, equaltie in this ELISIVM had disposed her perfections: the whole compas and circumference was so

sphericall, as Euclide myght from thence derive a proposition, nature made al thinges perfect, arte, pleasaunt: so that it might be thought, partlye for the solytarinesse of the soyle, and pleasantnesse of the place, that some affectionate Satire, being forsaken of his nymph, had prepared this seate, for his earthly purgatorie. Simonides ravished with the strangenesse of the sight, betoke hymselfe thither, imagining ỹ the outside being so delectable, the inside should be more then deuine: But alas, he soun de it farre otherwise, for drawinge neere the place, hee saw a Cabin compassed with the bende of Trees, wherein hee had no sooner entered, but to his more sorrow and desolation, he founde a Graue covered with a Marbell Stone, on whyche (to his no small greefe,) hee sawe these lynes set downe, sphered in Bloud, as the Epytaph of the diseased.

WHO so thou bee, by wandring loe,
This wilde and sauadge soyle shalt tread:
Know thou that heere in desert plot:
Vnder this stone in turffe lyes dead,
The wight who most deserued praise,
Of any louer in his dayes.

¶Thoe name and fame obscured be,
By froward frowne of spightfull Fate:
This place and death did both agree,
To worke his ende, such cruell hate:
Whose valew great, and troth dyd craue,
To be intumbde in Princely graue.

¶Let this suffice, for thee to know,
His lyfe, two liues in one dyd gaine:
Let this suffice his death did show,
Of twyned hartes the parting payne:
Let this suffice, no more to moue,
He liued and died in loyall loue.

By Pylgrime, having ouer read this lamentable recorde, wunderinge at the straungenesse of the place, the mirror

misfortune of the deceased, the order of his burial, and the reason of his Exile: desirous to haue further knowledge of the matter, began to better himself, and to leaue no one corner vnsought, to the satisfying of his troubled, and dissembled minde: but for all his narrowe searche, no creature was nere to recount, or to disbourden him of his feare: onely the place seemed abandoned, and by fortune, onely left for hym to discourse his misfortune in: At last, passinge forth with more feried intente to finde out, he espied an other seelie Cabyn, compact of Bowes, chamberwise: into the which, he hauing entred, he found in a secrete corner of this course and comfortlesse Cell, a Harpe hangynge on the Sprayes of a small Willowe, whiche, takyng to hym, (beynge altogether ouerpressed, with a feruente and Melancholye Imagynation, and sodanly incountred with solitary sadnesse, he said thus:

Truely, Simonides, thou art happie, by arryual heere, the onely place, whiche the Goddes haue appointed for thy penance, where shakyng off thy worldly conceiptes, thou mayst be partaker of thy Vnckle Aristo his Contemplation: where (solytaryly) thou mayste season thy youth, whiche is yet cloyed with distempred humoures, and settle thy minde in beholding of the Heauens: where tofore thou wast only accompanied with earthly delites, here maist thou inioy the peace that nature allotteth thee and ymagyn on the felicitie that wayteth on the sowle:

Clarinda, fare thou well, Ciuill Dames must seeke newe Husbandes, I leaue now to be lasciuious, and will betrothe my selfe to constancie.

This said, takyng the Harpe in hande, and offeryng, a sacrifice of his teares at the Shrine of the God of the Desert, lyke the olde Swanne in the Ryuer of Tagus in mournefull melodie, he thus carefully complayned.

O fickle fate, whereas naught but sorrow is,
O idle hope, whose substaunce is volure,
O heedlesse lad, thou leades my lyfe amisse:
O fayned show, of most vncertaine blisse,
I take my leaue, since Fates haue mee assignde,
A scarre Cell, where I may ease my minde.

¶Farewell vaine loue, that made mee leaue my soyle,
From Parentes seige, to seeke vncertaine rest:
Cease fleeting feete, to follow further toyle,
Since Heauens perswade, that seated seate is best,
Wherein I finde, this comfort at the least:
That brutish beastes, being moued with my mone,
Will hardly leaue, SIMONIDES alone.

¶Where fixing on the Starres, my steady sight,
Whose royall rayes, doo ouerloke the land:
I may no more, in worldly loue delight,
Where wealth and woe, on yea and nay do stande,
Where health is gaste, within a Womans hand:
Where small my slyke, doth master honest mynde,
Where honour yeldes, to wanton woman kinde,

¶For loue in mee, hath made a Tragidie,
But God and Fates, will make it Comycall:
A heauenly thought, is onely remedie,
To reue the wrong, that ouer ruleth al:
And thoe my power, for to resist be small:
Yet graunt this Boone, O CVPID for my sake,
For all my woes, some sweete amendes to make.

¶Thou shady plot, a welcome seate to mee,
Ye whistlyng windes, the masters of this soyle:
Let these my lines, to her reported bee,
Who first inforst, my feete to tast of toyle,
By whom sith I am forced to turmoyle:
I fynde this place, since pleasure fled and gone,
The onely meane, for to alay my mone.

Thus fynished my amorous Simonides, his sweete song, compassed throughly with dispayre, and incumbred with

doth wofull remembrance of his heroicke Predecessors, and opportunitie of seuerall delytfull exercises, shoue out his mind wholly his, yet he without his minde, perplexed sundrie and diuers waies: now his fancie ran ouerpryng on the beautie of his Mistresse, now his Melancholy misdeeming of her constancie, now delighted with his Cell, now dismayde for want of company.

In middest of whose extremities, it happened the successfull Pylgrim of the vnfortunate Pension to drawe neere, a Lady of surpassing beautye, in which Venus had so ouerne she would manifest a myracle of constancy, her peares in this pryme, as the Orient sonne in the enterance of his ouerflowe glorye, her proportion of the exactest perfection, as neither in the depth of the Center, where resides the Driades and gratious Pharies are in the circumferrence, where Cupid makes his greatest muster, her equal may be founde. Her face lyke the fayre Phebe in her prime, and more perfecter, for why, Nature ingrafted a Vermylion die, by native blood, which by succession, so filled the Cundytes of her vaynes, as euerie light motion of Zephirus, or passion of her mynde, made a reflection, lyke to the ruddy glowing of the messenger of the SVNNE. her eyes lyke to GEMINI, that accompaneth Iupiter, sendeth a resplendēce, as though some gratious Nimphe, hauing tasted of the cuppe of the Gods in approued glorye, had vouchsafed to manifest it on yearth, a lyttle chaffall teare bedewed her currall cheeke, in remembrance of some misfortune, not vnlike the fwete morning dew, that deliuereth from the sprouting branches, a declining moysture: her Ivorye necke, not vnlyke the coulour of Bachus cheeke, when he heareth the hell blast, which increaseth the coulour of his growyng Grape, but for the two round compasses, whose equall reuerberation gaue to euerye motion an essence, not farre vnlyke two flaming yet pale fyrye ministers, which wayte on theyr Mystres the Moone.

Fortune might be deemed that God nature, I would haue framed them, onely in fauour of her sexe: For the other proposition (for the latter I will not dispute) the more admiration would moue me, though my wit could describe them, yet I content my selfe with the imagination, seeing the reuerence of the Instruments, & melodie of these vnspotted tunes settes their essence. A seconde Cupid or Ganimede, nay rather a Phœnix phœnice for Iubiter. And had her apparell bene answerable to her forme, shee might rather haue bene compted a Diana in chase, then an amorous handmayde of Venus: Her Cote of Skinnes, an vnfit furniture for so fayre a stature, her backe burthened with a wicker Quyuer full of Shaftes, like a braue Ladye Huntresse: in her left hande a Bowe, and in her right hande a young Parrocket, of her owne killing, and for her owne diet: Who hauing harde the whole discourse of the sorrow that Simonides had made, and with aduised Iudgement, considered of his shape and youthly countenance, rather seemings to her to be some amourous Appollo, then affectionate louer, was greatly abashed, thinking that the God, pytying his misfortune, and hauing lost his Cassandria, and transformed his Daphne, would bestow some parte of his medcynable humour on her. But Simonides, hauing now resolued with himselfe, to make here his habitacle, determined with himselfe, to seeke out if he might finde some spring of water conuenyent to serue his necessaries, whereby she perceiued him to be mortal, being well perswaded that the Gods are not subiect to earthly necessities: although they vouchsafe some amorus delightes, which indeede are demy heauenly. And now, laying downe her new killed Supper, to the end, to heare of his further discourse, she drew neere: at which time Simonides, complayned thus.

Fortune, I may curse thee worthely, which hast from my yeares of discretion, besotted mee, euen with a surmysed ioy, when in truth, the event was most vnfortunate: Thou hast lanced my sweete, with to much sowre: thou

hast

hast made me taste of the cuppe of errour, and so crossed my ymaginatiue powers, that euerye light shewe of Beautie, hath by succession of Appetite, placed a fecunde felycitie: thou hast made mee the seruant of the worlde, and captiuated my Sences to simple, yet subtle likinge: thou haste made me subiect vnto flesh, and to wonder at the brittle substance, whiche is femynine, that in procreation, for naturall operation, it is far dissident from masculine: thou hast inforced mine eyes to serue for snares to mine owne distemperature, and my reason to yelde to vnbridled wyll, the rather to make me amorous. Thou hast made me forsake ỹ coũtrey I was born in, to greeue my aged Parents, to leaue my Ladye and Mistres Clarinda, whome (were not Cupide the Lord of my memorye) I had forgotten, committing thereby more then sacryledge, in respect of the Deitie of Venus: many cuntreys thou hast made me trauell throughe, I haue visyted Cyties, saluted Pylgrimes, and nowe lyke an vnkinde Lady, thou hast setled me in the assured siege of my contemplateon: where fince I am resident, Clarinda, thou shalt not want my prayers, so that euerye winde that bloweth, shal bring the benefit of my salutations to your presence, and to the allaying of my malady, these hollow rockes shall resound the Ecco of my exclamation, & in my heauines, this shal be reserued for the, that it would please the Gods, to graũt Clarinda to be still fayre, neuer aged, and Simonides to loue assuredly, & to continue constant.

The amorous Lady, hauing hytherto considered of this Hermits exquisit melody, & elequẽt discourse, being perswaded of ỹ humanity of her supposed Apollo, as Simonides was parting out of ỹ Cabin, at ỹ very howre she incontred him, where being both equaly rauished, eth at others beauty, he imagining her, some Diana, or at the leastwise some vowed Nimph, she esteeming him some second Ganimed for beauty, hauing both paused a while in admiration eth of other, & some thing eased of their rareful imagination, the Lady discoursed with the Pylgrime thus.

Tell me (my good friende) by the Deitie of the immortall Goddes, and the powers of our sacred and solitarye desert, what strange hap or hard misfortune, hath brought you into this place, where (onely) a poore perplexed Lady, accompanied onely with the Fowles and Beasts of this Deserte, haue liued (in mine owne conceipt) vnwillynge that the world shuld see, that which now by strange Fortune, hath ben laide open to your veiwe: surely, I am thus much setled in opinion, that it may not be ymagined, that your mortal faate coulde haue directed you to this place, vnlesse some secrete Mercurie, sent from the pytyfull Powers haue brought you hether, to singe a Counter verse, in my vncomfortlesse and tragicall Dyrsons: wherfore, (good sir) to satisfie a poore passionat Ladies minde, let me vnderstand the cause of your trauaile, with your fortune, that therby I may gather what foundation Fortune hath laide, in multiplying my three yeares sorowes.

Simonides, hauing hard the milde motion of this amorous and solitarie Nimph, the Maiestie of her Personage and the Iustice of her demaunde, gaue her this answere.

O noble Ladye (for youre honourable behauyoure, indoubtedlye perswadeth mée of youre tytle) so it is, my poore selfe am a sworne seruaunte to beautye, whyche determynynge to trye my constancye, hath assygned mée to thys habyte, whereby I myght by seynge much, and incounterynge wyth those, whyche were sworne Souldyours vnder that ensygne bearer, be more serviceable, and contynewe more constante: I haue (synce I forsoke my countreye) vysyted manye, whose manners I haue marked, whose Maydens I haue vewed, yet am I so setled, as neyther the strangenes of the one, nor the beautye of the other, can force mée to be forgetfull of her, whoe is the Mystresse of my ymagynations, I haue contynewed my Iorneyes throughe manye desolate Forrestes, and beynge in a contemplatyon of my Mystresse beautye, God and Fortune brought me at lengethe into this place, the scytuation of whych,

drowned

dyscloned me in Melancholye contemplation, and the rather, for that hauynge entred into this Cabinet, I had a vewe of this graue, and read this Epitaphe, the vnderstanding of which, I sought about to finde out some one, which might informe me of the hole cause, & certify me of ỳ man whom these verses makes mention of: & hauing sought long & found none, to disburden me of my supposed sorrow, I bethought my selfe that the heauens, had apoynted this place as the only allay to my grefs, whereupon, I finding your Harp, (for I know not what opinion makes me so deeme) I recorded with my selfe my hole aduenture in an amorous sonet, determining, by the direction of Fortune, to contynue in my allotted Cell.

I haue recounted nowe (fayre Mistresse) my whole trauayle, my cause of trouble, the order of my hether commynge: whiche no doubt (fayre Ladie) was to your comforte, I hope, for me (vndoubtedly) it is the first fruictes of my delectation.

The, fayre Ladie, hauyng conceyued of the friendly & effectuall discourse of the yonge Gentleman, not without cause (from her delightfull eyes,) distylled (at large) Amber teares, in remembraunce of the olde and accustomed crueltie of inconstant Fortune: wherupon, in most humble and curteous wise, she thus replyed.

God Syr, synce Aduenture hath broughte you hyther to visite the place of my Purgatorie, a poore desolate Ladie, I can not ymagyn whyther by the course of my desertes, whyther by the iuste Judgemente of the Goddes: but that you are sente hyther, rather to confirme the Catastrophe of my trouble, then for the continuaunce of my distresse: the remembraunce of whiche, makes mee sheadde teares and yf you were priuie to the passion, you would lykewise be pensiue: for the straungenesse of it would worke your delight, and (perhappes) the euentes in it are medycynable to your humour, whom I find (as farre as my coniecture, and your Reporte directes me) equallie passionate: yet the

greatter extremytie, the Fates haue assigned mée, for they haue departed my soule and body, leauyng mée but a breathing spryght, to continue my decaying lyfe: so that (my Gentleman) you may comfort your selfe in this, that you are most safelye garded, synce the mysteris of your thoughtes, hath the possessyon of youre harte, whyche hardly wyll suffer that myscarye, whereby shée lyueth.

But for that I am indoubtedly perswaded, that you are of good parentage, for that your vertues be many, yf (therefore) vpon the honour of your gentilhode, and the chast vow that you haue made to your modest Misteris, you wyll promise mée, not to bewray my place of abode, neither open the secretes, I shall reueale vnto you, vntill sache tyme as report shall assertayne you of my death, I wyll (thoe to my no small sorrow) answere your expectation, and rippe vp, the ruthfull recorde of my painefull pilgrimage, signyfying vnto you (both) what I am, whye I abide here, and what fortune brought me hether.

Simonides, vnderstanding the determination of the solitarie Nymphe, solemnely swore to the performaunce of the couenauntes, assuring, that death shoulde sooner reue hym of his breath, then he vylanously wold breath forth, that which should be forbidden him by beautie: whiche shee perceiuyng, withdrawing her selfe, with him to a pleasaunt fountaine (not farre distaunt from the graue) furnished with cristaline water, and paued with peble, hauynge placed the Pylgrime by her selfe, with statelye countenaunce, and sober séemlynesse, yet seasoned with a continuall aspect of continuinge sadnesse, she declared the dolefull Discourse of her conceiued sorrow, in this sorte.

When beautie (renowmed Gentilman) had first bestowed her colour in my yong and tender face, and years of discretion had led my thoughtes to estéme and lyke of ioue, & Nature had geuen me a iudiciall insight to déeme of the condytion of men, and perfection which abydeth in them: when in stately court I aboad a paragon, amongst

our

our Italian Dames, I was by the famous and vertuous Duke of Ferara (whose neere Kinsman I am) highlye esteemed, and worthylye accounted of, both for the exquisitnes of my proportion, and other towardly impressions of kindlines, which began to make show, & promise, some after rare vertue to take effect in me, throughout his court, amongst the courteous noble men, attempted and called by the name of the fayr Lady Porcia, now imagyne you my youth inamorous, if having according wealth to my beauty, I either wanted suters to injoye the fruition of my chastitie, or friendes to increase my credit or seeke my preferment: surely I was sought to by gallant Gallerio Duke of Millayne, yet I knowe not what bayne fury distempered my affections, or overruled my friends, for the match was undone, the man was aged: next him a yong noble man gaue the assault, whose personage, had it ben answerable to his youth and birth, he might happily haue sped: if you would his name, it was Antidoro, mine vncles sonne: after him courteous Calistro Duke of Mantua, who thought no scorne of repulse, since other of answerable renowme and wealth, were subiect to the refusall.

These presages of good Fortune, lotte allotted me at the first, but the sequell of the allureames was sowre, and Ramnusia, minding to showe her nature, wrought her pestelent purpose thus: she commaunded Fancye her Coumsellor, to fabricate a concealed lyking in my tender hart, and to setle my opyniatiue affection, on a gallant gentleman, of Spayne, borne in the renowned Cyttie of Caragoza, called Hernando Milecti, honourably esteemed of by myne vncle, whose exquisite and rare vertues, whose singuler and worthy qualities, whose familiaritye, noblity, & constant loyalty, whose perfect and polyshed personage, if I were able to manyfest vnto you, you could not but ymagyne, that some angry Pandora had opened her Bore castyng out a fume of perfection more the naturally to sommon my sences to the seruice of Cupid,

O my Gentleman, you may not conceiue to how great hartbreake, I growe in remembraunce of him, for whose sake, as I haue suffered this small torment, so to encrease the Maiestie of his Deified soule, I could vouchsafe to hasarde ten thousand deathes: but let this suffise, that in the Courte of Ferara, he fancied me, and esteemed rather my healthy and welfare, then the continuance and happie successe of his owne lyfe: so that his honest and assured affection, made me so setled in vnfayned liking, as I thought my selfe moste happy, when I was in his company, and he deemed himselfe moste infortunate, when he fayled of mine: so that mutuall amytie so muche wrought in vs as we would needes to weddyng, the rather to enioy chaste beddyng, which was as quickly performed, as the furie of our fancie encreased: And Fortune, at the first beweo, smiled so fayre, that I alwayes was in doubt, she would frowne at last: O how many sweete delights, how many pleasaunt, yet secrete pastymes, how many harde Aduentures, how many Royall rewardes (sermely Gentleman) ỹ imaginatiõ ỹ now holdeth me) were it not allaid with the remembraunce of a succeding euyll) would mollyfie somewhat the extreamytie of my passion: But O vnluckie Saturne, why doest thou sende thy Messenger Sorowe, to displaye our felicitie, and to make vs vnfortunate: wherfore diddest thou punish vs for that which was passyble in the Goddes: thy nature was earthly, no mervayle then, thoughe thou disparagest that whiche is more then heauenly: O Sir, thus it befell vs, and geue eare to the Thesis of our moste miserable thraldome, the Reporte of our loue (vnluckely) came to the eares of my Vnkell, who vnderstandynge the Practise of my Hernando, and the secreate solempnised Mariage, with oure settled intente of departure into Spayne, he determyned a Reuenge, whiche beynge brought to myne eares (for where loue is, there resteth an amorous suspition of the beloueds welfare,) I certified my Hernando Milleti, who vncertayne what waye was to be taken, to auoyde

the fury of his princes displeasure, and yet loth to loose me the only staye of his good fortune, he secretly practised with me for present flight, the which I willingly performed, so that by the break of day the next morow, through our diligence indeuour, my Compere and I had left Farara, for we let not the night passe, for feare to be intercepted the next day, & fortune our good & bad Mistres so happily directed vs, that secretly with our owne safety, we arriued at this place, distant from mine vncles palace eyght leagues, which as you see now, was onely peopled with wilde beastes, & to which, none before vs that was reasonable, neither any after vs (as our fancy & opinion serued vs) was like to resort: we hauing attayned this hard harbor, by my husbands aduice, who was alwayes carefull of my safe vndit, (for that all the passages were stopped, and this only place was left vs by the Gods, to cherish ỳ residue of our loyal life) pitched our pauilion here, comforting me in this sort: my fayr wedded Porcia, thou must nowe vowe thy selfe from thy country sykes, to a sauage coste, & sith Fortune hath bewitched vs in greatest extreamity, let this be thy comfort as it is mine, to rest contented with this Cabin, where in dispyght of sorrow, we wil solace our selues with mutual delight, & bury our former proud & stately ports, in the closet of a contented mind: for our God let me alone, only comfort thou thy selfe, Arte & Nature makes instrumẽts: these words vttered by my sweet hart, were so pleasant to my conceyued mistrust, that afterward in this desert, I thought me more happy, in inioying my Hernandos companye, then whẽ in stately court, I was hũted after by mẽ of no small name: & accordingly as my deare hart apoynted it, he & I haue to our power, yet pleasaunt contentation continued heare, where with this bowe of his owne making, and these shafts of his deuising, we haue furnyshed our selues of food, & haue prepared an allay for our necessities, myxing the fruit of the field, with our delicat venison, & comforting vs with this water that yonder in this bottayne:

For

Loue gentle Hermite, the equalytie in loue, which subdueth our disordered affections, to an assetayned mediocrite, and humbleth our Imaginations, to esteeme poore estate more pleasant, then stately houses & proude buylded places: surely I found in my chiefest sorowes, so great solace, by beeyng my fancie in the veiw of my husbande, as whilst he was in my presence: I ymagyned my selfe partaker of most assured pleasure: but beeynge absent, I bethought my selfe of my olde estate, and the glory of the Persian Court, so that I founde my selfe most comforted in his presence, and displeased with his absence.

This lyfe we led while three yeares were expyred, at the ende of whiche, the Fates, beyng bent to frowne, facioned them selues to bereaue me of my rest: for a certayne day my courteous Hernando, sitting betweene my armes and recounting how sorowfull he was for mee, that for his sake, I had abandoned so braue a court, and lost so great good Fortune, and inioyed so simple a cotage and cold comfortlesse repast, in myddest of his contemplation and secret sorowe for his poore Ponca, myne owne selfe, he fell in a sound, and the tyme beyng appoynted, in which the destinies had appoynted Clotho the cuting of the twine which maintayned the continuance of hys lyfe, to the discontinuance of my poore heart, hys sweete soule forsoke his proportionate body, and the ayre inioyed the delyrate breath, which was the nurisher of my accustomed pleasure, which to my great sorowe, layd open to my bewe, I was (lyke the poore turtle disposed of hys mate) driuen into an extasy, my senses bereft me, and lyke a she beare, bereft of her whelpes, my extreme passion made me exclayme on the heauens, whose iniustice had extremynated frō me my hope, the possession of good hap, and had departed that soule from out my company, which was the only comfort of my solitarynes, I cursed the Destenies, who vouchsafed vs loue, and bereste vs pleasure, by cuttyng off Hernando Miletties dayes, and hauyng only this cold comfort to inioy, to weete his bre-

athlesse

breathlesse body, I bathed it in my teares, bestowyng a thousande kysses on his dead Carcase, in whose liuynge delights, I fed my only delectation: & had not the Goddes appointed me to more great Purgatorie, I had parted my soule from my bodye, to the ende to adioyne it to the deceased soule of my louyng husbande, but for that I perceiued the necessytie and vrgent importance, to the Funerall of my friende called me to my self to forsake bote lesse playnt, and betake my selfe to the makynge of his graue, which I so featly framed, as in short space it was finished and made ready, where, with myne owne hands I buried my husbande, and couerynge him with this Marble (as you see) with myne owne blond wrote this Epytaphe vpon Hernandos Graue: Since whiche grieuous tyme, I haue remayned here theale seuen yeares, furnishyng my selfe with fode of myne owne kyllynge, and vsing these toles for mine owne defence, against the inuasion of wilde Beastes: and euery daye, as my carefull custome is, at sonne rysing and sonne settyng, I delyuer my deuotions at the graue of my deceased Hernando, solemnely singyng my sorowfull Hymnes to hym, & persityng the mourneful Melody with suche homely Musick as vse hath allowed me, on the very same Instrument on which you lately so deliuerly executed the office of Apollo, with most solempne lute, laying open to the Goddes the loathsom missortune that is infraunchised in me and the bitter medicine I haue to purge from me the agony of myne euyll, exclaymyng on death, that hath not onely bereft me of my faythfull friende, but also disdayned me the fruition of his Ghoste, by makyng a partition betwixt my soule and body.

Loe heare (good sir) the Discouerie of my most vnfortunate state: Loe here, the Myrroure of missortune: See how all estates are equally gouerned by this aspyrynge passion, which now hath planted his Pallace in my hart and subdued the raine of Reason: my Nobylytie preuayled me nought, my flockes of friends could not fence me

sufficientlye agaynst that shot of vniust Cupid: I and my friende are myrrors of noble myndes, to looke into, and to admonishe them, that prevention and aduysment must be had before attempt: for as loue in mercy graunteth equall lykinge to his true seruauntes, so vnkynde Fortune with iniurious operation, rayseth vp, eyther enemyes to frustrate, or vniust friendes vtterly to ruinate theyr aduysed hoapes: but for that (courteous syr) the howre of performaunce of my solemne cerymonyes is at hande, I am earnestlye to beseeche you, not to hynder me in the same, whyche at the fyrst thoughe it seeme straunge to youre selfe, yet synce it is vsuall in me, I do the better dysgest it.

The Gentleman courteouslye yéelded, wherevppon shée aparrelled her selfe to the executyon of her purposed ceremonyes, and drawyng neere to her friendes tombe, shée opened the graue, and settyng downe on her knées, shée dyscouered the goodlyest and most fayre head of heyr, that any creature might behould, & wyth a violent hand (strayning forth flouds of teares, and fylling the woodes with pitifull resoundes of sweltryng sobs) she tore part of, and cõmending it with a carefull kisse to her Hernando, she threw it into the Graue: which done, castynge vp her eyes to the cloudes, & beatinge her delicate pantinge brest, with most violent & wilfull stroakes, & thumpyng her beautiful face, wt her faire & wel formed hãds, taking the Harpe and strikyng the strings with her proportionate and seemely fingers, in moste dolorous Tunes, she swetely deliuereth this Sonet, recommendyng the Melodie, to the Ghoste of her dead Husband.

You sacred Nymphes, that haunt the Sylvan shade,
Dyanaes trayne, the flowers of beauty braue,
Ye hollowe rockes, which God and Nature made,
To close the plot, of my HERNANDOS Graue,
You sauage beastes, whose company I haue,
Resound her woes, whom cruell death denies,
To ease her harmes, by closyng of her eyes.

¶And

¶And thou fayre Eccho, whose delightfull face,
Was set at nought, in proud Narcissus sight,
Vouchsafe a while, to harbour in this place,
My later wordes, in sorrow to resyght,
Who still am wrung, by Fortunes dyre dispight,
And reft of him, in whom I did inioye,
A greater pryce, then Cresyda of Troye.

¶O stately Phebus, from thy goulden chayre,
Behould my greefes, whose heart doth melt in mone,
And if that mercy, bydeth in the ayre,
Vouchsafe my soull, from body may be gon,
That my sweet friend, and I may lyue in one,
And walking in th'Lisian feeldes a space,
To our content, ech other to imbrace.

¶For as the ship, with many billowes tost,
And rent by rage, of myghty Aeols blast,
Doth fall in leake, and lyke for to be lost,
Is forst her frawght, and burden to out cast,
The Master greeues, the sea beates in so fast,
And Mariner, in daunger still of death,
Doth plye the Pumpe, tyll he be out of breath.

¶Euen so poore I, by many sorrowes wronge,
And dryuen in floode, of foull and dyre dispayre,
Dysdaine this lyfe, which lasteth ouerlong,
And call on death, by humble sute and prayer,
That this vile lyfe, may vanysh into ayre,
And I may rest at last, betweene his armes,
For whose sweete sake, I suffer all these harmes.

¶For what mishappe, maye be comparde to myne,
Whose byrth requires, a better place then thys,
Who seekes by prayer, and sute for to resyne,
This loathsome lyfe, that breakes me from my blysse,
But wayward woe, doth turne my ioyes amisse,
And cruell wyndes, by boystrous blastes do blow,
My humble sutes, least death should ease my woe.

¶O happy soules, that rests amyd the skye,
Thou gladsome ghost, of my HERNANDOS grace,
Behould these teares, that trickle from the eye,

Of her who longs to vewe thy heauenly face,
And to bereaft, of this her vitall eafe,
In eafe to reft, with thee whofe only loue,
Poore PORCIA forft, from court for to remoue.

¶O my deare friend, if any fayth there be,
If any whitt, of auncient loue be leafte,
If heauenly powers, do yearthly forrowes fee,
Vouchfafe my breath, from body to be reafte,
But if the Fates, no fauour haue me left,
Yet thou the laft, refuge of mournefull mynde,
O drirty death, let me fome fauour finde.

¶But if both heauens, and death do lowre on me,
And meane my lyfe, fhall be prolongd in mone,
Yet my HERNANDO, I will honour the,
Tyll fence and breath, from body fhall be gon,
And though I lead my loathfome lyfe alone,
Yet in my thought, I euery daye will dye,
Tyll death in deed, do force my lyfe to flye.

These verses thus reported, and cerymonies performed, by the fayre and amorous Lady Porcia, shee couered in mournefull manner, her gallant bushe of goulden heyre, and placing the stone ouer the bodye of her buried Hernando, she arose, and with portly paace, and stately maiestye, the true and manyfest token of her royall and noble byrth, she aduanced her selfe towardes our sorowfull Simonides, who like a melancholy diseased man, furnished with many corosiue and harmeful humours, now tolling his ymagination this waye, nowe turning his opynion that waye, nowe wondering at the force of loue, nowe bewayling the mysfortune of the Lady, now rauished in her rare beauty, her seemely vertues, and inuiolate faate, nowe condemning the gods of iniustice, now remembring the cause of hys owne proper maladye: in those and such lyke passions, his sences for a space, was occupyed, tyll at the last, reason the allay of all contrarious affection, vnburdened him of his fancy, & made him

(the

the rather for ỳ his sorrowes could not but be displeasant to poore Porcia) with humble speach, to breake of ỳ ymagined greef that ỳ Lady was wrong withall in this sort.

Most renowned Ladie, since to my no small sorow, it hath pleased you to finish the ceremonies of your vowed funeral, & to my no small wonder of your cõstancie, haue gratified your husband with an vnuolat offering of your chast loue: let it stand with your liking (consideryng the infirmyties of our bodies, are hardly able to beare out any surge of sorow without some natural fode and sustenaunce) to betake you to some repast, not only for your owne health, but also for the satisfyng of my hunger, whom trauaile truely hath almost ouertyred.

Madame Porcia, whiche had not, throughe her sauage Purgatorie forgot her courtly semelines, answered hym thus.

Gentleman, I am of your opinion, that sorowe must haue somhat to fede on, least it worke too much, and since the remedie lieth in prouision of a slender diet, yf you list to be partaker of my simple supper, you shal be welcome, I will promise you some of our Forest Venison: and for that you are a Stranger, I wyll showe you this fauour, my selfe wyll gather you of the best fruict to furnish out your Banquet: hunger made Simonides, wyllyng: so betwene them bothe, the Picket was vncased, and by the Ladies labour, delicatly roasted: in whiche Cookerie, I estéeme my Pilgrim to be Turnebroach, for fayre Porcia, was applied in the fieldes, in gatheryng fruict, and the rather, for that her experience, was greater then Simonides, for that she had serued out a hole seuen years Prentishod, and by that meanes furnished her selfe with greater Experience: In briefe, all thinges were in a redinesse, our Ladie Huntresse returned home with her fruict, the Venison well roasted, and both their appetites answerable to the redines of their suppers: wherupõ they set thẽ down at their meat, hauing supply of drinke frõ the Fountaine. what Table talke thei had, if you demaund, it was none,

their Appetites were not Courtly, to make leasurable Discourses betwene euery morsell, but after Supper, I must tell you Simonides bespake hym thus.

Madame, you may count me a man of small nurture, that hauyng receyued so many curtesies at your handes, and driuen you to so often & solitary Discourses, I haue forgotten to deliuer you some (although not answerable) thankes: but I beseche you Ladie, let this excuse me, that I confesse mine errour, and for treble amendes in dutyful seruice. And for that my purpose is to waade further I am to craue your patience, in hearyng my request and answerynge my demaunde, beynge the rather imboldened, for that I am assured of your byrth, whiche alwaies beareth a seal or cognisance of rare vertue and cõmendable curtesie: if my request shall take place, (good Ladie) let me knowe, for in the Solution of my Question, I shall distinguysshe the controuersie betwene my hoape and feare.

Porcia replied: you may vndoubtedly perswade your selfe (curteous Gentleman) that neither a reasonable demaunde, moued for your pleasure, nor a small forgetfulnesse, in none performance of a little comon curtesie, can make me alter my nature, or proue coy in dissoluing your doubt, for those dispositiõs, though ỹ pryde of Court vsuallie accompte of them, yet our sauage ciuilitie, requyreth alwayes equallytie, in aunswere and demaunde, so there be no difference in byrthe: And for that your outwarde behauiour, makes showe of honorable linage, you are not so wyllyng to enquyre, as I am redy to satisfie.

Then truely, my good Ladie, quoth Simonides, I can not sufficiently wonder at the rare beautie, and singuler constancie of your owne selfe, who trayned vp in Court, sought to by Princes, allyed to Dukes, reuerenced by inferiours, haue contrary to the course of common nature, made your honorable personage, a seruaunt to solitarines and being delicatly ordered by your first Parent to beare small or no burdens of misfortune, haue for a lyttle transitorye

ſtorie pleaſure, abandoned a ſtately Courte, forſaken a louynge Uncle, deſpiſed Princely offers, to receyue the Offalles of loue and Fortune.

And truelye, I can not ſufficiently wonder at the ſtraunge effecte that is wroughte in you: maye it bee thoughte that an amourous conceypte ſhoulde make a woman eſteeme that for happyneſſe, whiche our moſte wiſeſt Auncestours, haue accoumpted worſe then Deathe.

Cicero, a Senatour of famous Eloquence, ſufficient wealthe, able to ſpye oute all the Conſpiracies in Cataline, and beynge perfectelye ynoughe perſwaded, by the workes of his owyne wytte: what aduerſitie was, and in a noble (and) wiſe mans mynde, what it ought to worke: yet beynge put in exyle, howe hardly exclaymed he on Fortune? howe lamentablye paynted he his Miſerie, in ſorowfull Diſcourſe, to his Brutus? howe vneaſely did he brooke the abſence of his Tulliola? howe often wiſhed he returne vnto his Countrey?

Truelye Madame, I haue often read of many, that in proſperytie were wiſe, accomptynge themſelues ſufficientlye able to waade throughe all ſtreames of trouble, fixynge their Anker of Hoape in the inuiolate conſtancie of their minde, but when Aduerſitie had wrongе them by the backe, and the fawnes of their friendes were tourned to frownes: their Princes fayre ſpeaches, to cruell threatninges, the daintie repaſtes, to ſuſpitious meales: them ſelues and their Heires, diſpoſſeſſed of their Titles: ſodaynely, their ſtayednes vaniſhed to vnwiſe and folyſh lamentation, they became wanne, paale, ſlaues in Nature, abandonynge their bodyes to ſeruyle dueties, and hynderynge their former contemplation of minde, by their after lamentation for the miſfortune of their tranſitorie bodye: But it maye be, that in this caſe, your Ladyſhyppe eſteemeth your trouble no leſſe then dutiful, you were cõmonced by Loue, and fled wᵗ your friend, yea, more then friend, a huſband:

a cõmendable

a comendable constancie in a woman, yet a hard choyce in you both: but we wyll graunt you this your first slight with Hernando was vertuous, your cõstancie in his life, prayse worthy, your secreate solytarinesse to be wondred at: But now when Porcia hath no Hernando to lye by, why should she still continue in exile, for him that is not, bootlesse are those teares, that are shed for the deceased, and folysh are those louers, that fede them selues wyth theyr fancy, that theyr passyons, theyr tormentes, theyr penuryes, which they suffer in remembraunce of theyr poore deceased friendes, shall cause them worthyly to be inrowled, in the leagend of true and faythfull louers: I am assuredly perswaded, that the wisest allwayes hould it small wisedome, for men to sorrow for that, which by their teares receiueth no succoure: But Madame, pardon me, if I dyscourse more largely, I will drawe nyer you, and leaue no corner vnsought, or matter vnreported, which my memory will mynister, tyll I haue won that I shot at, and perswaded you to my purpose.

Your husband and you Madame left Ferara, like two louing friendes, to auoyd the fury of your vnkle, should it not be to become subiect to the vnmercyfull manaces of Fortune: you kept this desert plot wherein no small space, you haue inioyed the fruites of wedlocke, whych because they be transitory, ought not to be recompensed in their losse with continual sorrow, he is dead, you haue alotted him his buriall, the only remembraunce of hym that you can haue, is a secret Idea of his proportion, in your brayne, with a fewe perished bones of hys in thys graue, do these (thinke you) deserue seauen yeares ceremonies: if you wil consider with me a while (good Lady) of that which foloweth, the controuersy would quicklye be concluded, you knowe all mortall creatures, direct all their courses to an end, eyther apparantly, or verily good, amongst which two ends, I desyre to know your owne, if the end of your lamentable lyfe is to do your selfe good, or to pleasure your friende, you conclude aparance and

essence

essence in one, but for that you are a louer, I thinke you rather applye youre actions to the louer, then the diuine flame, you haue had tyme sufficient to forget an vnmeete rate fancy, & to fashion your selfe to lemes this resolute, yet folyth aboade in vnthrefte: and wilsome should teach a Patronne of your stayednes and beauty, that as the nyght is Mystres of the shininge flowers, so the morning restoreth them to their ouient colowre, your Phenix hath left an other out of his owne ashes, who will matter your olde friend in vertues, and mateh him in comlynes, you are nowe in your spring tyme, if happily possessed of a second faythfull Husband, lyke to be a mother of many children, and parhapps more welcome to Ferara, by reason of your long ablence, then infortunate being repulsed from there, by the Princes heavy displeasure, but were it, your rare vertues should be drowned in this desert, and so pleasaunte and wyse discourses should be seuered from the Courte, good Madame cast off youre vnaquainted carefulnesse, synce it is bootlesse, respecte the greefe of youre vncle conceiueth in youre absence, and the comforts our Italyan Princes would synde in youre recouered company: But if no reasons that are past before, can worke you to that I most earnestlye wilhe for, if my perswasions by reason of youre settled opynyon, will not serue you to take aduysement by, you shall heare the last refuge that my remembraunce affordeth me, wherfore I beseeche the powers maye as presentlye take place in your harte, as it is faythfull and zealoullye reported from my minde. Nature as she gaue you beautye (Madame) and a goodly body, so she adorned you with an inward diuine soull, which ye greater perfection it hath, the more subiect ought your earthly members to be vnto it, now the loue which vnyte your fleshlye substaunce, to fancy youre Fernando, seeing it is an enemye to your soull, ought not so much to moue to solitarines, as the other to perswade you to consider of your diuine welfare, your body & loue are to serue you on earth, your soull both maketh you reasonable here, and

[illegible] perish to you in this wise, lucky therefore is your [illegible] well, that by how much you hate your soule, in yeel[illegible] to [illegible] so much, by which meanes you [illegible] for that which neither your teares can [illegible]; nor your hard and extreme callyons, and earthly calamyties may pleasure. The brute and sauage Beastes, lead but by a naturall instynct, chuse the bad and admyt the good, they carefully make ready for their winter prouision, as the Ante, they louingly [illegible] as the [illegible] are: they naturally mourne [illegible] as the Turtell: and wisely emptie the drinking Brookes from poysoned humours, as the Vnicorne: If these senceles substaunces, onely led by Nature, admyt the weale, refuse the woe: how much more ought you (good Madame) learne to humble your self to misfortune, & to mangle your setled hope with deuillish disdaine, to forsake the abode of reasonable men, and to inhabite amongest the drosse of vyle and vntamed Beastes, and to leaue to lyue in stately Court, & abide in solitarie Desert. But one thyng dothe [illegible] me vnto hope (good Ladie) if the iust Gods by their secret kyndnes, knowing the Wanke you shote at, should close vp your eyes, and receaue your soule to their mercy, what Tumbe should be left for your Princely personage, or who were he that happily should come to performe your funerales, alas I feare me, these rude rocks doothy harbour the brute & sauage bowels, which gredily should receiue these sacred limbs, & cruelly teare in peeces these ermynst lineaments, & vnles the water Nimphes happily lyng you a dyrge, hardly could I thinke, you should be buryed with your rightes: Wherefore this good Lady, consider of these occasioned discourses, and geue eare to my sute, which I bowe by the immortall Gods, so vertuously to performe, as you shall not but well esteeme of me, and accompte me onely sent by the Goddes to be youre conducter, not of these desertes: if it shall please you to forsake your accustomed place and seat which heare you possesse, I bowe by the faythe of a louing and true Pylgrime, and by the fydelytie of a Gentleman, safely to

[illegible] you hither, [illegible]
[illegible] to your desires, you shall [illegible]
[illegible] & your ancient credit [illegible]
went, or with company, as you please, you [illegible]
and water (good Padie) [illegible]
vaunt that faithfully loyall persourers [illegible]
perceiue by this (I trust) my [illegible]
nature, I know well enough [illegible]
till I haue your resolute answere (Madame) I am [illegible]

Porcia, which attentiuely heard the friendly [illegible]
on of this Spanish Gentleman, hauing [illegible] with her
selfe both the intent he shot at, & the [illegible]
curteous speech of Sir Tristram, hauing [illegible]
ded of his wisedome and rare [illegible]

Not without great delight (good friend) I haue [illegible]
lyngly conceiued of your Courtly Discourse, & determyned
of my purposed answere, I cannot, you [illegible]
thyng mistake Porcia, for you [illegible]
you set out the cõtemplation, which I haue [illegible]
to be a desperate opinion in me to [illegible]
with the same reasons, you seeke to [illegible]
pretended Purgatorie, by which I am sufficiently [illegible]
ded to withstand the intycations of your [illegible]
reasons there be, which to some [illegible]
cause y persõs themselues are easily [illegible]
setled in cõtemplation, they are [illegible]
tie. First (my Gentleman) loue brought me hither, yea,
chast loue, a loue not grounded vpon the vsuall pleasure
of the flesh, but on the grounded vnitie of hart, whereby
my husbandes soule was so firmely allied to mine, as no
showers of misfortune, or breath of tyme, could alter the
quallytie of our Loue: the quantytie whereof, as it could
not be conceyued in Earthe, so it hath offende in Hea-
uen: The Fates haue hereafte this rest from me, and
suffred my flowre to be parched vp, with the scorching
flames of assured charitie, & vnkindnesse hath poured out of his
cold viol, an icy moysture which [illegible]
path

hath seuered his soule from his body, and lent hym to that place of pleasure, where he shall receyue a Crowne of immortall honour, for his heauenly & earthly anycte.

The separation of hym frō me, the Goods haue made to this purpose, to make me learne the mutabylytie of this wretched life, and consider of the eternytie & wonderfull essence of the heauens, where they haue placed my friend to this end, that I might with more desire, behold the same, that beyng ravyshed with the Maiestie therof, I might become to heauenly, and forget to be earthly.

I haue (curteous Gentleman) more ioy and comforte in this place of abandon, then euer your earthly Creatures could afforde hym, from beholdyng the fadyng Beautie of our earthly personages, I am brought to belue the Maiestie of the Sonne, whose secreate operation on earth, beyng by experience layde open to my sight, more perfecteth me then all other terrestriall Triumphes, can pleasure me, to se how vnequally distributeth his Beames, a noate of the duties of a Prince, how both the Deserte and Grones, Hylles and Dales, are equally increased, by his elected feede, & decked with the greenest Mantell, that his morrow dew yeldeth, noating what Pouertie and Richesse shuld be in the Iudgemente Seate of a kynge: I could wade further, but a womans wytte as myne is, were better to bestow in silence, ths vtter and seeme vndiscrete: But in that you touch worldly pleasures somwhat, as Argumentes to draw my minde frō vowed home, of trueth, the more I beue this earth, the more I hate it: and the lesse I delight in it, the more contentacion my soule hath of Heauen: and were it not for this vile sinfull fleshe, I would neuer nede my Mother Earth, for that my soule delighteth in Nectar and Ambrosia, the fode of the Goddes. Stately Pallaces, be receptacles of proude mindes, and high Halles harber commen sorte cares: quietnesse abideth in Humili casa post equitem sedet atra cura: I, poore I, am contented with my Forrest Daintie, my Woodde Venison, and my Fountaynes

faine wine: the marow of the wheat, and the blod of the Grape, are for my courtlye Mistresses, and as they: downe beds bring them in softe and sweete sleepe, so my sweete bowes, nestle a temperate body, and a contented minde, my diet requireth no phisike, for melody, the birds of the mountain salutes me, euery daye wyth a morning sonet: and iudge you courteous Segniour, if I lyue not daintily, first my contemplation of heauen, next my contempt of earth, nowe to a soull armed with this coate armour, what obiect you death, or speake you of a buriall: for death it is naturall: and therefore not notiue: shal we feare that for which we were borne: what wretch were I, if I should be loath to returne to my countrey of rest, from this painfull and werisome trauele for burial, a bootlesse matter, as though nature cold not turne into nature by any other violent or orderly meanes: are the teeth of wilde beastes felt to the nipped carkasse, you knowe they are not, why then they hurt not, if it be your fortune to stand by my death, as some did by Diogenes, at his depasture, I would answeare your question by demaunde of a staffe, to driue awaye the deuourer.

Gentleman, Gentleman, let these toyes passe from you, and answeare your selfe in this, Porcia, findeth happines in the desert, and court had care: her aspect is heauenly in this Cell, it was yearthly in the Pallace: shee serued the yearth at Ferara, in her bow Cabinet the earth serueth her, in the Citty she feared all things, nowe shee is dismayd in nothing.

Rest courteouse Gentleman, to stryue agaynste the streame, the motion of my purgatory, come from the iust Iudges in heauen, your perswasyons cannot vndo it, I would synce you know my minde, vnderstand, your own estate, byrth and cause of trauell, so by making a progression we shal wind you from your perswasions which are in vayne, and winne you to the remembraunce of youre owne misfortunes.

Simonides perceiuing the setled opinion of the bowed

louing Ladye, and vnderstaundinge the certayne reasons that led and gouerned her determinations, was answered and satisfied in mind, and according to the Ladies reasonable and courteous demaunde, he recounted to her the place of his byrth, which was Ciuill, the state of his Parentes, which was Honourable, the chast vertues of his Mystres which was Clarinda, and his vnbridled affections which were the causes of hys trauell.

Thus hauynge opened to her the whole discourse, at her request, and the matter as quyckelye conceyued by her, shee delyghted verye much to vnderstande, that shee alone was not passionate: And perceyuynge that nyght, the Messenger of darkenesse drewe neere, and that the Sunne had forsaken the firmamente, and the Mone the Mystresse inchauntmentes, had begunne to showe her horned head, in the starrye Heauens, shee courteouslye gaue Simonides a Conge, and departynge some of her small prouision with the Pylgrime, shee left hym to take his rest, and setled her selfe to sleape.

Simonides wearied with trauell, was little troubled with dreames, for he was compassed with dead sleape, had not the Messenger of the Sunne, by his streynynge lyght, awakened my Gentleman, and the Goddes also appoynted hym to the performaunce of a succedent purpose, I doubt nee, he would haue byne a secounde Endemion, but Porcia, that sleapt lytle, and weapte muche, hauinge her Hernando in remembraunce, at the Sunne rysynge, as her custome was, made her selfe readye to geue her Husbande hys due ceremonyes: so armed with her Harppe, passinge by Simonides, to whome shee gaue a gentle good morrowe, and receyued the lyke, shee set her downe on her knees by her Louers Graue, which beynge opened as her custome was, shee offered her forespoken sacrifices, with manye carefull invocations, and wythout anye innouation in ceremonye, shee tempered her voyce to the tune and tyme of her Harpe, and lamentably sung hys pyttifull Dyrge.

The drop-

YE droping eyes, dyſtill from out my brayne,
The luke warme lycour, of a craſed heart,
My tremblyng tongue, repor thou all my payne,
Whoſe torments fell, are more then my deſeart,
Whoſe pearſyng playntes, are able to conuert,
The Marble mountes, for to bewayle my mone,
And brutiſh beaſtes, for my poore ſake to grone.

¶ O that ſweete death, would nowe accorde to yelde,
My ſorowing ſoule, to ſee my heauenly friende,
That being plaſte, amidde the fatale feelde,
On her HERNANDO, PORCIA might attende,
Where both in one, our dayes we well might ſpend,
And reſting there, where Phebus takes his lyght,
Myght be releeud, from fortunes dyre diſpight.

¶ O heauenly powers, behould her carefull ſtate,
whoſe ſeuen yeares toyle, requires ſome ſweet reward,
Tis death ye heauens, can finiſhe this debate,
O pittie powers, to PORCIA haue regard,
O bleſſed howre, Death haſteneth his award,
O welcome Death, thrice welcome vnto me,
My port of reſt for thou muſt ſuccour me.

¶ HERNANDO lo, thy PORCIA haſteneth faſt,
Prepare the place, that I haue ſought for long,
My happie howre, the ſtates do graunt at laſt,
When I maye ſhowe, to the my ſeauen yeares wrong,
And howe for the, I chaunted many a ſong,
Farewell this lyfe, my Ghoſt now parte awaye,
with my HERNANDOS ſpright, to lyue for aye.

In deliuering of which laſt lines, ſhe bowed her head to the Sepulcher, & for that the date of her deſteny was finiſhed, without ſpeaking any worde, which ſenſibly Simonides could conceiue, ſhee ſylently breathed out her gladſome Ghoſt, recommending it to the company of her louing Huſband: Our Pilgrim moued by the muſike of Porcia, & leaſt ſuſpecting her ſo ſodaine departure, yet wondring at her long ſcylence, dyd thinke ſhe had bene in ſome ſad Dyſion, and therefore gaue her [illegible] while,

but

but doubtyng somwhat by her long continuaunce: drawyng neere, he found the vertuous Lady dead, the whiche, to his no smal sorrow and wonderful admyration, when he perceiued, he considered that Lamentations were vnnecessarie, where the bodye remayned breatheless, and therfore, bethinkyng hymselfe of her buryall, and searchyng the secrete corners of her Cabynet, at last, he fond out the Spade wherwith she had interred her Husband, which twise he vsed for the intumbyng of her self, and hauynge opened the Graue to the Bones of Hernando, he recommended (with many a wofull sighe) the Corse of this worthy Ladie to the colde earth, and wounded with many carefull thoughtes, and astonyshed by the mercyless Stratagems of vntuft Fortune, he left the solytary habytacion of deceased Porcia, and trauaylyng by many bypathes, to attayne the sight of some inhabited Cittie, he spent seuen dayes in search, being norished only with such Rotes and fruictes, as the Deserte mynistred vnto him: At the last, as with sorysull and werysome paace, he was trauayling on his way, ther happened to his vew a great troupe of Horsemen, to whom he made way, and vnderstod by one of the traine, that the Gentleman that ryd by, was Antidonus, Sonne to the Duke of Ferara, who was trauaylyng toward Myllon, and hauynge inquyred how farre Ferara was off, and the right way, he vnderstode, it was but two Leagues off: wherupon with a gladsome cheare, and renewed paace, he trauayled in shorte space, and attayned the Cittie, where, hauyng for his money, prouided a sufficient lodgyng (for that it was night, after Supper) he betoke him to rest, and the rather to lessen the great agony of his minde, and also to refresh the werynes of his bones,

The next day, for that he lothly could conceale the fortune of Hernando Milleu and fayre Portia) hauyng apparayled him selfe in his bewed Roabes, he dirted his course to the Dukes court, of purpose to make him priuie to the lamentable Tragedie, of his infortunat Neece: the

Warders

Warders vnderstanding by him his intent was to haue conference with theyr Prince, brought him within the Pallace, recommending his cause to a Gentleman, who courteously (as his duty was) brought him to the Dukes presence, who at that time, was in a fayre, and pleasant Garden, disporting himselfe, with sundry of his Nobility, and other of his Counsell.

Simonides, delyghted with the graue, & seemely personage of the noble Prince, & by the serenitie of his face, conceiued the Humanity of his mynde, with humble and due reuerence, vttered this speeche before his Maiestye.

I haue (most noble and renouned Duke) certayne secret conferences to discourse with your excelency, which if by your lawfull fauour, I may haue leaue, and by conuenience of the place be inbouldened, you breefely shall vnderstand.

The Duke delighted with the modest regard, & comly porte of the yong Pylgrym, considering of his reasonable demand, and waying of his byrth by his orderly and dutifull behauiour, answered hym thus:

I haue alwayes (my good frend) accompted it a principall in the precepts of good nurture, that amongst priuat men, curteous & fauourable acceptance shuld be had: much more ought it to be in a Prince, naturally ingrafted, to here with mediocritie, and to distinguishe no persons, either by fortunes faune, or pouerties frown, this only rule I haue kept, euen since I enioyed the signorie, nothyng to estæme on the persons wealth, but of the equitie of his cause: for assuredly, it is most requisit in all cõmon weales, that the gouernours shuld haue no itchyng eares or lymie fingers in passionat affections, but stayed distributers of Justice: for where as ẏ good fortune of ẏ Prince dependeth on the loue of the people, the Magistrate ought alwaies to indeuer, that the ingrafted zeale of the cõmunaltie: be not sequestred from the Prince, by lewde practises & euil administration of law: mercie & Justice (good friend) are my two hands which I temper as both are

not confounded in one, but equalitie in the vsage of them, hath made my subiectes accustome to loue mee and feare mée: I heare the poze and the rich, but the equitie of the cause directeth my reason: As muche as in mee lyeth, I temper my bodie in that mediocritie, that the worlde shoulde not accoumpt mée a Lorde ouer manye, and yet not able to master my selfe: you may therfore be perswaded, that your sute shall be heard, and equitie administred: and with these wordes, he toke Simonides aside, and willed him boldly to vtter his mynde: who after due and orderly reuerence, began in this maner:

The rare vertues, that accompany your callinge, the singuler curtesies, that I finde in your excelencie, the straungnesse of the matter, that I pretende to open vnto you (renowned and famous Duke) craue longe discourse, aduised purpose, and sæmelye conueiaunce: but for that my litle poze skill, simple perfourmaunce, and mynde worne with myseries, cannot acquainte your maiestie with Courtlyke oz Rethozicall speaches, yet as the passion that brought mée hither shall direct mée, your highnes shall heare the discourse of a pitifull tale.

My selfe (noble & vertuous Prince) being led wt delight to beholde straunge Cities, rare nouelties, and the operations of Nature, in this earthly Chaos, left my natiue citie Ciuill, forsoke my parentes Landes, which were honorable: and betoke my selfe to pretensed trauell, some causes happened to mée in my iourneyinge, where of the most deserue not the attention of a Prince: and the rest for that they were common in a wisemans iudgement, they are not commendable: I had thought to haue concealed nothing, which ỳ maiestie of your personage inforceth mée to open: your rare vertues noble Segnior, the renowne that the worlde witheth you, the aduised stayednes in your gouernment, the beautifulnes of your Citty, the wyse men that inhabyt it, the true Iustice that ruleth it, though one of them then were of sufficiency to moue admiration, yet the most of them haue directed my trauell,

which

whiche was to sée your Highnes, whome I fynde moze then repozte can speake, an erquisit Pzince, wise in gouernment (pardon my boldnes good Duke, the Pilgrim admitteth no affection, as his pzofession is religious, so he cãnot realy vpon ẏ pleasure oz displeasure of a personage, only honest meaning is his mark, on which his purposed determination doth lay foũdation) I haue found what I sought foz, now (good Duke) attend foz that I come foz, I trauell long betwixt Ciuill & Ferara, & perhaps hungry, you cannot imagin but weary, my dyat was naturall, foz it was desert rootes, & forest fruites, since I could not attayne to better pzouision, I haue sẽne Barcelona, a fayz Cytty, but from Barcelona, I was lost in a desert, wher I found a cause of equal sozow to your Highnes, and incredible lamẽtation foz my selfe, the place where the sight befoztuned me, solitary: the persons which I will relate vnto you seemely, and moze then that, vertuous: had not your Maiestie a Nẽce called Portia? if your remẽbzance fayle you not she was fayze, I know she was vertuous, yea moze then that, cõstant, you amongst your youths in court knew Hernando Milletti, her husband to your mislike, yet a frend alloted her by the Gods, your displeasure banished them from Ferara, & the iust Goddes haue blest them with Heauen: foz hauyng fled from you, they lyued thzée yeres equally together in mutual loue, which being erpyzed, the man died, and is buried: the wife (your nẽce) hath ben seuen yeares solytarie, tyll the Faates directed me to beare witnes of her ende: I haue sẽne Portia alme and haue buried her foz dead, & now your highnes vnderstandeth in bzefe, the whole Discourse of your Nẽces foztune, who wt her Hernando now, is partaker of moze heauenly ioyes, then you can conceiue.

You here (noble Pzince) the effect of my mellage, you cõsider I doubt not of the euent, my dutie perfourmed, I rest farther to sollicite you, but of troth I must conclude, these cõstant louers, deserue a moze honozable burial, the one by reason of his cõstancy, the other foz ẏ she is nobly bozne.

The Duke hauyng (with no small foyson of teares) diligently conceiued the effect of Simonides discourse, and the hard destinie, that had befortuned his amiable kinswoman, and [illegible] yall seruant: and loth that so rare constancie should ende so bad a buriall, dissembling his inward sorow, with a Princely maiestie, gaue the Pilgrim hartie thankes for his trauell, and earnestlye requested hym, that to the perfourmaunce of the funerall of these two faithfull friendes, he woulde guide his companie to the graue of Portia, who was not so soone requested, but as willyngly perfourmed: and being accompained with the most worthy personages in Ferara, hee speedily arriued at the place of these two louers purgatorie: where discouering the bodies by opening the earth, the whole Carcase of Portia, with the bones of Hernando, were closed vp in one Coffin, and so solemplye conuaied to Ferara, at the entraunce of Simonides and his companye, with the bodies of these two faithfull friends: the Duke in mournynge attyre, accompanied with all his nobles, in lyke sort mournefully appareled, with solempne deuotion, and dolefull melodie, conducted the deceased to the Tumbe, which was royally prepared in the Cathederall Churche of Ferara, where hauinge according to their degree lefte them in the earth, he returned to his pallace, accompanied with our Pilgrim, whom hee royallye rewarded for hys paines, and stayed him in the Citie three monethes: in which time Simonides writ this Epytaph, in memoriall of this straunge misfortune, whiche was ingraued ouer the tumbe of the two louers.

IN wedlock handes, in true and loyall loue
Who list to know, a myrror of these daies
A Pilgrim poore, hath pend for his behooue
The faithfull liues, of two, most worthie praise
Whose lyfe, whose death, this sedule heere bewrayes,
To whom I leaue, for to increase their fame
The whole discourse, set downe vnder their name.

The

¶The noble Duke, that swayes this royall state,
Had to his neece, a Ladie of renowne
Faire PORTIA cald, by many sought of late
But now inioynde, till Fortunes fatall frowne
To pull her plumes, and lay her pleasure downe,
Did sommon loue, to fasten in her sight,
A noble youth, to further her delight.

¶A Spaniard borne, Hernando men him call,
A worthie mirrour, of a faithfull friend,
Who liu'de so well, as he was lou'd of all
Him Portia chose, to loue vnto the ende
The matche was made, but fortunes brow did bende
And made them flye, for feare of Princes Ire.
From stately court, to Forest to retire.

¶There three yeares toyle, these louers did possesse,
With foode of rootes, yet with contented mynde,
Till death, to make poore Portias pleasure lesse:
Bereft Hernandos life, in sorow pinde,
Whose graue poore Portia, quickly him assignd,
And seauen yeares more, she liued in that state
Till equall death, did giue her lyfe the mate.

¶The noble Prince, the honour of this land,
Conceiuyng by, a Pilgrimes wofull tale:
The whole discourse, set to his helping hand
That these two frendes, of buriall should not fayle
Returnde their bodies, for their more auaile:
And lo intumbde, these faithfull louers lie,
Their bodies heere, their soules amidst the Skye,

Our Simonides, beeing myndefull of his trauyll, and finding that the citie retained naught but pleasure, where as his maladie required no such medicine, after humble dutie perfourmed to the noble Duke, who had so courteously entertained him, hee left Ferara, to visit Venice, by y. way what he thought on, let them that liue in loue giue verdite: the prouerbe is, that there a mans minde is most conuersaunt, where his affection is best serued. I meane

not to discourse of the vaine tales of his felow trauelers, nor make you priuy to the pleasaunt purposes of his mariners, lande and sea serued both to his vse, a Shippe and Saylers furthered his determynation, a wyllinge minde (which worketh all) with a prosperous wynde, blew him to Venice, where God sende him good reste for this firste night, for he argued late, nowe what he perfourmed the nexte day, you shall heare.

As Hermits are wont, who vow themselues to venter, & abhorring the vaine stratagemes of this worlde, indeuoringe vnder their simple habite, to harbour a relygious minde: Simonides, to perfourme his dutiful orisons, went to visit our Ladies shrine in Venice, where humblinge himselfe with due reuerence, he perourmed the prayers of a religious traueler: and whether that it were that an ertasye, made him lenger on his knees, or the feruente zeale of his minde, made him forget the vnaptnesse of his bodie, he continued in his prayers two howres. In which time, amongst manie others, whose deuotion was great, there came an aged & stately Ladie Matronesse in sight, one of the noblest Citezens wiues, well accompaned, & honorablie serued: who setling hir selfe to perfourm, ỳ she came for: it was her fortune to perceiue our deuout Simonides, trikling downe teres frō his eies, in deliuering his orisons: and as it is to be conceiued, her commyng thyther, was to do the like: for why, to outward appearance she was holy, and in truth, she prayed feruently, and whether it were the motion of a good spirit, or the godly shew of our Hermit, or some deuine powers that moued it, our Ladie would be confessed, her prayers had made her penytent: whereupon, seeing the opportunitie to be so good, she waited Simonides departure, and taking him by the hande, she led him into an oratorie of Saint Fraunces, situate within that Church, & seuering her retinue from her, she reuerentlye, and in most humble manner saide thus.

Most

Most deuoute Hermit, thy holy demeanure, thy sémly personage, and this present opportunitie: my compulsyon of spirit, prick in conscience, with the conueniencie of the place, doth inforce mee to craue your fauour, that opening vnto you, the burthen of my Soule, and the loathsomnes of my sinne, I may be farthered, by your godly exhortation, and be absolued at your reuerent handes, willinge to abide, what so euer penaunce, your holynesse shall inioyne mee to.

Our Simonides, tickeled with this vnacquainted talke, and séeing that necessitie inforced hym to this occasion, makes his wordes sutable to his Coate, aunswearing thus.

Your yeares (Noble Ladye) shoulde alwaies make shew of stayednesse, and your relygious mynde sufficiently perswades mee, that your repentaunce is vnfained, since confession is so readie, order your selfe therefore in that sort (madam) that opening your offences to the full, you may the more sufficientlye be disbourdened of your sinnes, and by due deserued penaunce, pacifie the displeasure, of our most iust and mercifull God: alwaies when you come to make relation of your worldlye misdedes, thereby to haue participation of heauenlye mercie, you must consider the person to whom, and the matter which is to be vttered: The person, for that he representeth the maiestie of the most hyghest: The matter, that it be simply vttered, sorowfullye detested, and in your after dealinges, to be more modest: for by spirituall speculation, and deuine insight I conceaue, that womens errours bée great when they practise to deceiue, and where they are bent to make a fayned confession, there they commonlye are inclyned, to fasten on dissimulation: I speake not this Ladie as a worldly pleasing man, to feede your earthlye fancie, but as a deuout and true meaninge Hermite, that hath care of your soule.

If therefore, you with submyssion wyll make me priuie

uie to your euyl, and with due contritiõ wil mortify your earthly affections, to make satisfaction for your abuse, by the vertu of my heauenly commission (the which for your behoofe I wyll stretche to the vttermost) I wyl giue you a clere absolution, & to the comfort of your soule, delight you with eternall consolation.

If thus you comz, speake on, your mynd is vertuous: if otherwise, refraine, your fact is daungerous, and for soules health I am curious.

The aged and honorable matron, hauinge conceiued of the godly discourse of her gostlye father, falling on her knées, with dutiful and deuout reuerence, and being pricked on with the motion of her troubled mynde, with teares in her eies discouered the sorow of her hart in this sorte.

Vnfainedly (reuerent Father) and from the bottom of a penytent sinners hart, you shall receiue the whole report of my lamentable, and wretched misseled lyfe: of the vaine, transitorie, and amourus delight, of my vnbridoled youth: And although the nature of this my feminyne flesh, perswads mée to dissemble some secret estapes perpetrated by mée very wickedly: yet being admonished and eaten vp with the zeale of the Lordes house, I wyll not fayle according to veritie, to make you priuie to my youthly vanytie.

Know you (deuoute and religious Father) that I am a Cockney borne of Venice, dayntely bred vp by my father called Flauius, and cokilly cherished by my mother called Fuluia, and christened (threescore yeares since) by the name of Lamia: the wealth of my Father brought mee many woers: and beautie made our courtlye Italyans verie amourons, I knew well inough how to please fancies, and to fasten my selfe to the motions of sinfull flesh, whiche beinge made out of corruption, ministereth vs naught els in this worlde, but foule abhomination, and drowneth our soules in the flood of errour. How manie (good Lord) haue I led by delaies: how many haue I fed

with

with follye: our Venetian Marchauntes, many would faine wedde me, but some, though wealthye, I misliked their imperfections: for my mothers iudgment alwaies made me alow or mislyke, for I knew she spake by experience: some had personage and no wealth, whiche my Father could none off.

At the last, one came which serued the turne, of great nobylytie, and singuler vertue, a renowmed Marchaunt, carefull and louyng: hym my Father did lyke off, and my selfe lykewise alowed off: there was cause why, to the pleasure of my flesh, and therfore fleshly reason wherfore: But as they were follies in my youth, Loyde I detest them in mine age, willyng that my priuate confession, and carnall permaunce: and to conclude, my harty sorow, were layde open to my compeers, and fellow ladies in Venice, who for that there beautie now seruech them, are loth to bend them selues to religion, and forsake their secret and sinfull delights.

True it is, with great solempnytie, I was maried to this riche Marchaunte Seignor Voltranio, with hym I lead, the space of three yeares, a chast and honest lyfe, concernyng the bondes of chast wedlocke, for my bodie, but for the corruption of my thoughtes, the Lord wype them out of his remembrance, for me I haue forgotten them: But couetousnesse, the roote of all inconuenience, hauing gotten holde on my husbands hart, my friende and Loyde Voltranio, would needes to Sea, from strange countries, to bring home new gaine: at whose departure, Lord how I sighed in soule, when he had taken Ship, and had deliuered mee a gentle conge, I standyng on the shore, how carefully in outward show, did I alow of his vale, and inwardly, with how many curses, did I harrow the cause of his trauell: and whilst the ship was in sight, how berated I ỹ master: how exclaymed I on ỹ water: how ofte wished I, that to make my husbande keepe home: some violent storme might affright him from further trafique.

I, Thels

These and such like passions my yong head, by youthly yeares, and vnbridled lust, mynistred vnto: tyll beinge conueyed by my retinue to mine owne house, tyme sate out the cause of my sorrow, and I began to talk counsell, of the wedded Wiues of Venice, whose priuate causes I leaue to their personall confessions: whose priuie counsailes, and disordered conuayances with yonge Ladies, since my selfe haue bene beaten, and it belongeth to my confession, to manyfest, though to my sorrowe you shall heare them.

Our Citie here you see, as it is furnished with stately buildings, riches in superfluitie, and no want of faire women, so it hath according to the abundaunce of wealthe, and beautie of women, store of wickednes and abhominacion, whiche woulde God (gostlye father) I had neuer knowne, since it was the firste displace of my vertuous lyfe: There are a sort of notable women, whose outward appearaunce show of deuotion, often visiting the temple, seldome times without their beades in their handes, most conuersaunt amongst our brauest and most honorable Ladies, and would perswade a simple mind, that all vertue, by reason of their age, and honestie in outward show, had abode in them: but when with aduised eye, we shall prie into their priuie practises, oh what horror! what confusion. These be they, that make housebirds fidge, and home huswiues harlots: they leaue the brothel houses with plenty, and furnish the Court with cohortes of Curtizans: these make shamefast youth shameless, gallant beautie disdainfull, and vertuous myndes, vicious bodies, for they incorporat, the inwarde essence, with an vnknowne shoin of disordinate desire, making the vessels of God, no lesse then deuils incarnate, from the horde of Magera, from these weping Crocodiles, from these disparagers of ladies honors, more Lamia hath learnt cause of penance, which for feare of being tedious, I meane breefly to let you knowe it. Not wholy two monthes after my husbands departure, ỳ remembrance of his bad pleasure,

wrought

wrought wonders in my heart, and a little tickleing desyre of this lothsome flesh, made me loke abroad, to see if I could lenify the greefe by open ayre, you know my meaning, a priuate friend (for that lesson was put in my hed, I beshrowe my scole Mystresse for it that taught mee) in the streete (lyke a young wanton) I cast many pleasaunt regardes, offered many lyght lookes, both on whome I eyther alowed for personage, or perhaps imagined likely to pleasure me, and returning home, fed my fancy with a trust, knowing very assuredlye, that my beautie of necessitie, must proue a staake for some young Novice: And as I thought, so it fortuned: for loue presented my shape to the view of a gallant yonge Gentilman, at that verie time, when litle looking for such good hap: I aduanced my selfe to a window towarde the streete to beholde the passers by: The wounded louer with a sigh, as my thought breathed out the scalding fume of the burnynge flame of fyring loue, and the hoat blonde proceeded from the blemish of his woful wound in sundrie entercourses, flashed in his face, and had not his retinue remoued his ertaly, by remembring him of the vnfytnesse of behauyour, you woulde haue imagined him some chaunged earthlye creature, turned to a stone, hauing beholde the head of Medusa.

I seeing the conquest gotte, began to triumph, and to make my louer more amourous, in a sodayne forsoke my standing: and left him at his meditations, who wounderfullye wrounge, with his newe passions (as I afterwardes vnderstode) beganne to bee verie pensiue, feedynge all his thoughtes on the remembraunce of mee his onelye beeloued, who GOD knowes, was as readye to lyke as he was to loue, and as apte to receaue, as hee was wyllynge to proffer:

Often times he passed by, where he fyrst sawe mee, in which place if I were, I eyther had a Cappe, and Courtly conge, a pearceing loke, or els a carefull sigh, wh

a dessolving countenaunce, to open the myrrour of his maladie, which I rewarded as I thought good, and as simple as it was, hee lyked it well: but had not God opened, nay, rather Nathan mynistred help, my youth had died for sorrow, and I had layled of my purpose: the order was thus perfourmed: As our youth Proculus (for so my secret pleasure was tearmed) was passionate upon his bed, recommending (with many sobbes) his seruice to my soueraignetie, sodainly, an olde Lady Laundrelle, a french Macarella, with new starched bandes, offered her selfe to his presence, he rauished with contemplation of my beautie, she delighted to see his dissonnate humor, and the rather for that she knew there needed no saine, where there was no sore, neither yet any phisick, where there was no maladie: how she dealt the Gods knowe, the olde and young were alone (as she could vse) how they agreed the sequell wyll show.

After many cautiles, fine and small incounters, the truethe that was presaged, was manyfest to my Monedula, not mine, but Cupids (for though her age serued her not, her wyll was good) and my hart was down feely woman, as she made me yelde to that, which scarcelye my husband could mend, and by a subtil pleasure, bereft hym of his perfectiō, & displaced my hope with miserable mistrust: but all was to an ende, Fortune was fauourable, loue fortunate, time conuenyent, my body willing, hymselfe louyng: then what wanted, O my sinne, thou walt youthly, therefore to bee remitted: O my soule thou art sorowfull, and therfore I hope excusable. How he delt with him, because shee made me privy to the discourse, for religions sake (godly Father) I trust you will afford me the hearing, first lyke the skylfull Phisition, the better to giue iudgement of the essentiall, materiall, and synall cause of the feuer, she repeated (as the order is, that are bondslaues to seurility) many fayre damosels names, their houses, perhaps some conueyences.

The young Gentleman being galled (for Lamia was

not

not out of the legende) began to wynch, and shamefastnesse the vertue of youthe, bloudyshed his pale with redneſſe: which no ſoner happened, but our Mondula conceiued, and being abundantly furnished with rethoricall perſwaſions, ſhe greeted my youth in this ſort.

My good Maiſter, I am ſorie to ſe you take care for that which is ſo eaſely got, and pine your ſelfe alwaye on your bed in malancolye, where it were more meeter, to ſ attainment of good fortune, & the inioying of your loue, you were well apparelled, and gallantlye beſeminge your eſtate on horſback, prauncing with a Brauado, before the doze of your miſtreſs, and offering your ſeruice, with ſecret regardes, ſo you might recouer your fleſh, and reuiue your weakened ſpyrytes, and ſet your vitall powres at their former perfection, by poſſeſſing of that, which eaſely you may attaine vnto. And I were a man as you are, a little foolish loue ſhould not kepe mée vnder, but I would haue ſome fetch to attaine my purpoſe.

What ſay you Maiſter? why are you ſo dumbe, haue you no ſpeach? why, your Laundreſſe then will teach you wit, you are in loue I know, is it not with Madame Lamia?

He raiſing himſelfe vp ſoftly with a bachfull face and a ſigh fet from the bottom of his hart, anſwered, yes. And is it ſhee, (quod Mondula) the Marchaunts Wyfe ſhould not make mé a mecocke, I woulde truſt to make hir ſtoupe haggard. Can you beleeue, that ſhe being beautiful and yong, new maried, and nowe without a bedfelow, that ſhée could refuſe ſo braue a Gentilman, ſo well proportioned, of ſo modeſt behauiour, and good parentage, no, no, they may ſimper it for a while, but they will be pliable as wax: if the Sun take force, the warmed harte will melt: I ſpeake by experience, and you ſhall fynde my wordes true at the laſt, mildeene you neuer ſo much. And now giue eare alittle, and I wyll lay my lyfe by to morrow none, your kerchiffe will off, and ſhall ſee you Atalanta, before your Miſteriſſe on Monday.

[illegible] (quod my Gentleman) good Mo-
dulce, then [illegible] for without present remedie, my
heart [illegible]

God forbid good Maister (quod shee) your Laundrelle
had rather be a follower to laugh at your pleasant conceits,
then to wage a mourning gowne at your buriall,
and put singer in eye to see your follye, and therefore har-
ken.

You shall to morrow gallantly appareled resorte to
her house, and vse these or such lyke speaches: Madame
Laura, so it is, that my parentes hauinge dealinges in
France at Rome, hath commended me hither, though
your husbandes hardenes, whose vglies of exchaunge I haue
in readinesse, the sum of sixe thousand Crownes, to be
payde vpon sight, letteres therefore accordinge to the di-
rection receiue the mony. The Ladie vnacquainted with
such circumstances, as the guile is to vncroche more fa-
uour, will bid you to dinner: then haue you better lea-
sure, to discourse at your pleasure: if this you do, you
may speede: therfore, maister arise, sharp your wits;
I must haue you sipher with your misteris, you must cast
of these dul dumpes, and put on an other more pleasaunt
visage, your behauior must be frolyke, though your mind
be passionate: what she sayeth, that confyrme you, what
she misliketh, that ban you, if shee offer you curtesie, ac-
cept it, if she geue you a scoffe, beare with it, the lose is
not great where you gaine that you looke for: Maister,
Maister, I am an olde dogge, and can byte sore, do not
skorne my instructions, though lyke a foolish Woman, I
take vpon me to set to Schoole a yonge and well learned
man: To be breefe (reuerent deume) as I know by the
sequell, my youth forsoke his bed, and according to an apt
and reddie Scholer, performed the president his Schole-
mistris had set him: he came to my house, saluted me mo-
destly, bled me reuerently, if he kist me, God forgiue me,
my minde was he should haue come to a harde market,
but womens harts are for the most part hindred with o-

uerwea-

uer weanings: what paſt betweene him and mée, becauſe it was ſpoken priuately betweene two, I will not open ſecretlye to you, for him let his deuotions molyfie his ſins, for mée I repent my follies: for concluſion, though hee playd ỳ Orator in perſwaſions, yet I taught him a trick of legerdemaine, he ſuſpitiouſly departed, he ſorrowfully bare his anſwer, and the forefeited debt, one named two thouſand crownes, would eaſely haue dine paide to repentaunt pleaſure, he wanted that he loked for: but alas, the nert time he came, hee had that he ſought for, how it befortuned, thou iuſt God, thou knoweſt, oh Gods, oh women, oh nature, oh men, I ſpeake in ſpheres (ſaith the Hermit) ſith deuines are good Arethmitricians.

For where the contemplation is feted, there the pleaſure is alwaies minifted, were it not that I ſhould rebelle in deuotion, you ſhould haue of a true confeſſion, but for that I am ſory, my hope is the greater, and in that you are ſecret, I am the more wyling and would God it were manifeſt to the world, for Lamia is ſo penitent, I knowe God is more mercyfull and aſſoone I open the follye: you ſhall heare it, and would God all honeſt meaning wiues might eſchew it.

Since my youthes purpoſe, ſayled him at the hyall, as a faynt Souldiour that giueth ouer at the firſt incounter (as at the length I vnderſtoode) hee returned home to hys bed (for night drewe on in deede, I deteined him all the day) and therefore his humour alowed him no ſleepe, hee toke his pen and inke and penned a Sonet, which was preſented by a ſubtil Pandora (ſauinge the reuerence of you good Father) and toke ſuch place, to the vtter vndoyng of the poore Mantuanes wife, more wrong had Lamia, more pleaſure the Gentilman, ſome gaine to Monedula: the Sonet, I haue here in my poket, which your holyneſſe ſhall ſee.

Herewithall, he drewe out certaine verſes, whiche were to this effect.

Though

THough Sondaies want, hath made my mondayes
In sorowing sence, for to salute my friend (muse
Yet if submission, may my fault excuse,
I think I am best that profereth to amend.

¶If Loue command, who wyl not stoope to lure?
My wounded hart, desirue to haue some rest
Then since your yeelde, doth serue to worke the cure,
Let no mistrust soyle him, who fancies best.

¶If euerie thought, that wringes my hart with woe,
If euerie sigh, that breedes my endlesse payne:
Were liddeu view, and you the same did know,
I should not then, such hard matters so gaine.

¶My daseled eyes, made red by restles teares,
My broken sleepes, my sad and mournefull chares,
My sodaine sounder, my hugie heapes of feares
Would force your gentle hart, to haue some care.

¶Behold these lynes, how euerie word is mard,
With ruthfull drops, from conduites of my eyes:
See how your friend from pleasure is debard,
And plungd in pit of euerlasting paines.

¶Good Ladie, let no rigour make a breach,
Betweene his soule, which liueth for your ioy
Tis you may help, you only are the leach,
To worke my weale, or mate me with anoy.

¶And if poore I, may finde such lucky fate,
As dire disdaine, shall not vndo my trust:
I hope by wit, to order so the state
As both our deedes, shal stil continue iust.

¶And let this serue, to make an end of all,
Your husband seekes for wealth in foraine soyle:
And therefore since, at home his stock is small,
Vouchsafe that it may grow by others toyle.

¶Meane while, no day, shall passe but I will waile,
No night shall come, but teares shal red my eye
Till she vouchsafe, to graunt for my availe,
The only ioy, for which I liue and dye.

These were the practises of Mathan, to circumuent my poore soule as the like vessell, these snares were laied for me, this was the beginning of my sorowe, and the *Theseus* my pretended vaine pleasure: but how this was deliuered, I pray you father giue eare.

O *Vabrice* a wonder it is, that the Sea swalloweth thee not vp for thy synne, which retainest so many prophane houses, and wicked Bawdes.

Heare O faire damoselles, let *Lamia* her mischief be your president: For after that our youth by necessarie sleepe (which began to occupie his seruces for a while) had forsaken his penne and paper, and taking leaue of his muse, till the next morning: Cruell *Alecto*, sendes implacable *Enuie* the foeman of amorous *Venus* (I speake all vnder correction, which sweete sexe Religion godlie prouen is) but better were it to shadow vice with a Cipher, then with his open to sinister eares) arrested her selfe in the bosome of a *Mamelaia*, and leauing there a sparkell of her firebrande gaue a offall of her Smokie heare, inflamed her to the persecution of chastitie and Patrimonie, and to the abominations of abhominations and wickednesse, which was so naturally perfourmed in our Laundresse, that the nexte morning hauing the furie full of subtiltie aboue her, she visited verie early her young maister, who when she found in her odd gonie, perplexed with many passions, and vexed by his hard repulse, which the vaine desire of her seruice (with hym of all reuke) after the mayden blood had satisfied, and giuen aduised insight to all that had forepassed, she consolated our passionate *Procus* in this sorte.

Since a manes wittes (good maister) is not able to conspire your purpose, you shall see what a woman can bring to passe, for I haue rate of your welfare (good sir) I will not faile to frame your selfe with mistres *Lamia* Laundresse, and I will so philosophically take my time, that she shall hardly refuse the force of my reasons: but can you *Sophos Protacles* indight louingly: What I can doe (saied he) you shall see any louing Laundresse, and here withall he reuealed his neighbors familie vnto her: who liking his deuise well, made hym speake to hym, then ta-

seyng with her hande, she made hym countenaunce with the Secretes of Master Maudelin Mother, to toule all that after nought for hym, as though he were departyng, admonishyng hym farther to putte finger in the eye, and to make semblaunce as he were deadly sicke for so small a season, to worke hym self his wished health: whyche done, she friendly tooke her leaue of the louer, and likewise friendly counsaile accordyng to her direction performed all thinges. The Sexten is a toulyng, the gentilman is a sodomyte, *Mandela* is a practisyng, *Lamia* poore soule thinkyng not hyng: the Laundresse had she not visited me, I had not perished, and had she not founde some Couler to make me vertuous, it would hardly have been brought to passe, that I should have escaped so well. *Mandela* hath left hame, and specially at my doore, where she behaued her self thus.

As soone as she had knocked, she courteouslie demaunded for my husbande hauyng lost his childe, whether he did, what had befortuned hym, where he was: my seruaunt beyng thus gentilly required, answered as friendly, and certified of as muche as he knewe. Then she harde he was in Fraunce, I pray de how she tayld me, what shewes she made of sorowe, whyche my poore gentile perceiuyng, (as a kinde harted yong fellowe) came in and tolde me: I understandyng by hym of her sorowe, and earnest good will she bare to my dearely beloued housbande and friendly *Valentine*, called her in, made mutche of her, yea fained pitie her of many thynges, so the whyche she so louingly and curteously answered, as I rather imagined, she had beene some deuoute *Abesse*, then a wicked and counterfeite woman: But woe I see, the Deuill can put on the habite often times of light, and deceiue poore women as I am, for I simple thinkyng it gold that did glister, made verie much of mother *Mandela*, and after I had vewed her vertues, I came to my garden, where we pretendyng grefe, haue passed a while with many a kisse, discoursyng of many matters: it so tooned that she verie shortly, penetrated my harte with zealous deuotion, and although I knewe not for whom it went, yet I wished saluation, if there were no remedie, or els present health, if it were the Lordes pleasure, to which she replied thus: truly

by Maiame Lamia; I am afraied it will fall out to my losse, for I haue a proper yong gentilman to my Maister, of the age of 25. of gallaunte proporcion, a sweete face, good behauioure, whiche for these seuen daies hath been sicke, in the Parishe of Saincte Maudelines Minster, and as his freendes thinke, and the Phisitions imagine he is in Loue, a pitifull case, and I am afraied this Bell is for hym: I desirous and inquisitiue for him that should bee thus at the extreamitie of death, for light loue, was aunswered subtilly by her thus. Truly Mistres, because we are talkyng of this matter, I will tell you (to my greef) what befortuned my daughter in this Citie, my heire and onely comfort: when she was at yeres of discretion, Loue besotted her, with the comely shape of a yong gentilman, who with foule disdaine requited her, so that for meare and pure Loue, my daughter died afterward, the bloudde of my daughter cryyng vengeaunce of his crueltie, it fortuned hym to Loue another Ladie so extreamely, that as he was repulsed by the iuste Iudgement of God, he went and hanged hymself in the Sinuuries of the same Citie. And truely Mistres, I haue liued, in comparison of longlife, but an inche (yet I am fower score) and I haue in my tyme, seene many, bothe men and women, whiche haue perished for the same follie. But pardon me Mistres, for I see I haue farre degressed from your demaunde, whiche I beseche you to accompte, to the slenderuesse of myne olde braine, rather then to the vnwillyngnesse of my mynde.

The gentilman that I suppose is departyng, is called Signior Proculus, a gallaunte youthe, whom I haue knowne long, would I were the woman in my youthe, and to his likyng, that might saue his life in this extreamitie, who with a little pleasaunte escape, might pleasure the noblest gentilman of all Italie, yea, and in my conscience, is yet the purest Virgine of the worlde: Oh how it greeues me for his sake, my mynde truely misgiues me that it is she, Alas good Proculus, with that the olde woman and deceiptfull messenger, began to weepe, whiche I greatly pitiyng, and as partly my peeldyng had persuaded me, beeyng loathe a gentilman should dye for my cause, I aunswered Monedula thus.

Truely mother, if I thought the gentilman were at suche extreamitie, as you tell me he is, and that his Loue ber so affectionate, if Proculus ber the man, I dare undertake to perswade his Mistres. But men (for the moste parte) are so subtell, that he whiche speaketh faire ft, performeth foule ft. O Mistres (q the old Mother) doe you thinke I would sitten to my Nurselyldes sweete wife: No, no, I knowe, I knowe it is Proculus certainly, and dare sweare he loueth faithfullie, and for more assurance that you shall see his constantie, Loe here the letters, that subtilly I conueied from hym yesternight, he writtyng the same, whiche I the rather did, that meetyng with some that could reade, I might finde out the name of his beloued, and by that meanes indeuour to perswade her to compassion: And if you can reade (good Mistres) loe here the stolne goodes, whiche for recent and old womans fancie, I praie you ouer looke.

I (ghostlie father) little suspectyng this policie, tooke the letters, and as you sawe euen now, the were derected to me, whiche I perceiuyng beeyng ouercome with the passion, softly with bashefull face, saied to Monedula, mother, mother you were sent, and you are welcome. And if Proculus will sweare, to haue regarde of myne honour, as he promiseth by theselet-ters, if he will come to morowe night about eight of the clock, he shall not finde me so vngratfull as he takes me for: A gentilman (through my default) shall not miscarie for loue, which maie be fulfilled without dishonestie. But you Monedula, must worcke all for our safetie, and for feare the gentilman should miscarie before you come, hye you to hym, and takyng a gem from my finger, I willed her recommende me to her Maister and rewardyng her with a fewe crounes. Mistres Panderina tooke her leaue (God forgiue her for so deceiuyng me) and findyng her Maister longyng for her commyng: She recounted vnto hym all the storie, how cunningly she had wrought me, and how merciful she had founde me, then deliuerying hym my Iewell, whiche he receiued with humble reuerence, and thankyng Monedula hartely, he rewarded her with a hundred Ducates: But when he vnderstoode by her, how happie an

hower

hower was appointed. Lorde, how soone was he apparreled? How readie were his feete to daunce out of measure? How pleasaunte a conflicte was then in his mynde, how victoriously did hope triumphe? How dastardly fled dispaire, all care was ceased; and pleasure aduanced, no more sadde, but excedyng pleasaunte.

Thus as Proculus lusted, so I longed, and like a brute beaste I listened to the horne of the Hunterebut to conclude to bothe our desires, the hower long looked for was at hande.

Monedula, armed her Champion, and brought hym to the place of combate, where valiauntly he should enter the listes: She furnished hym with perswasions, and for that I muste confesse at our seconde meetyng, he found hymself more pleased, then with his former greetyng; what simple cheare I had prepared thei had it willyngly: what heerbes wee had at supper tyme: what discourses passed the rest of the euenyng? how cunnyngly our Mistres Monedula handeled vs twoo ponge nies, I will (holie Heremite) that you should thinke, for the former discourse will open all. But to bee breef, bedde tyme came, the old woman would sleepe, the gentilman was amorous, my self willyng, Monedula is gone home, my seruauntes gone to sleepe, and Proculus and I, were at our Moone shine (naie, rather mournefull) banquet, where seruyng the appetite of our vile flesshe, we ministred discomfort to our soules.

I am sorie for thee my Voltranio, I am sorie for thee, wee twoo had the pleasure, thou the wrong, we twoo were recreated in filthie delight, thou dispossessed of thy name thou haddest before, hauyng that added to thee, whiche inuisibly seen, doeth breede a visible scarre, and an enuious remembraunce, if happily weetyng followe. I muste confesse (ghostly father) I haue synned, and with the prodigall childe will offer submission, I was to profuse of myne honour, and the freende that enioyed me, to profounde to be misliked of: synne ledde vs both by Nature, and the seruaunt of lust ruled the rest: now can you think that twoo innocentes could otherwise doe, beeyng so wickedly intised.

The Lorde forgiue her, I doe, for by Gods lawe I thinke

(good Heremite) we ought to forgiue one an other.

But in sooth Porculus and I were bothe agreed, and loath to departe when we were once met.

Oh how many lewde pleasaunt nightes ledd we after this: how couertly towardes the worlde, did we dissemble all thynges. Trewe it is, Porculus was a good Woer, and Lawyer bothe, he knewe the Cannon, Si non caste tamen caute, but so it was, that God displeasaunt that our soules should perishe, and willyng that my Housebande should not be worne out with ouer filthie abuses, caused the traffique of Voltrauio to cease, and furnished him to his contentment home towards Venice: the Winde was faire, the Sailes full, the Mariners longed for home, my Housebande forgot not me, thei sailed long, and arriued late. When the Sunne had forsaken the Heauens, and buryed her self in the Occean, my Housebande tooke Shore, our Mariners went to salute their Wiues, the Marchauntes vnmaried went to their beddes, my Voltrauio wearie of his toyle, hyed him home, and opening the doore to shew the good will he bare me (for Marchaunt men carrie priuie keyes with them at all tymes of night to open their doores) he came directly to my Chamber, where findyng two bodies in one bed, my Housebande grewe into gelousie, and for that he was without light to make euident shewe of my folly, he rayled vp my maide Claudia, who loath to see hym there to her Mistreis shame, tolde hym that it was not to be doubted, but that her Mistris (nay rather vicious woman she might haue saide) was faithful, wherefore she counsailed hym, presently to sende for some holie Frier, who beyng sent in to confesse them, if it were founde as he suspected, he vppon his owne authoritie grounded aswell on Moyses lawe, as otherwise of the custome of the Citie, might put them both to death with his owne handes, and reuenge the wrong whiche her vniuste Mistris had proffered.

These and such like perswasions craftely laied open to my Housebande, some what pacified his furie, and alaied the vehemencie of his choloye, whereupon he sent her (before any candle was lighted) to fetche a Frier, who vppon their confessions

might

might manifeſt to hym the truth, and afterwardes accordyng to the heynouſneſſe of the faught, he might deale his due correction amongſt us. But we two ſimple ſoules ſlept ſoundly, we imagined nothing, but after our vngodly exercyſe fell arme in arme into a ſweete ſleepe.

The Maiden myndyng in what ſhe might to ſaue my credite, reſorted vnto her for a ſalue, that had firſt made the ſorer our Mother Laundreſſe olde Monedula, to whom when ſhe had recounted the whole lamentable diſcourſe of my Houſebandes quicke returne, the agonie ſhe left hym in, and the neceſſitie of helpe, then certifiyng her farther howe ſhe was ſent for a Frier, for that her Maiſter would putte her Miſtris to ſhyfte, before he deſtroyed her bodie, yet to the ſauegarde of her ſoule. She like a cunnyng worke woman, practiſed in like extreamities, apparrelled her ſelf, and reſortyng to one Longotius, a Frier Franciſcan, of whom ſhe borrowed his Habite, and attyryng her ſelf with the ſame, with my Maide Claudia, ſhe entered my houſe, and with a gentle Benedicitie, ſaluted my Houſebande, and croſſyng hym ſomewhat to mollifie his choloze, ſhe demaunded like a cunnyng ſhe Frier, the cauſe why at midnight he ſtoode ſo in neede of Religious helpe.

My Houſebande in hye tearmes, greate threatynges, and lofdie ſpeeches, tolde of my inconſtancie, diſloyaltie, breache of Wedlocke, what defamation was like to grow to his ſtock, in matching hym ſelf with a Harlot, what ſorrowe his frendes would take to vnderſtande of my lewdneſſe, what exceedyng care he had for me in forrayne ſoyle, and howe vngratiouſly I requited his faithe and fired loyaltie. In briefe, he made our Frier priuie to his whole myndе, deſiryng hym to enter the Chamber, and to take bothe our confeſſions in as certaine order as might be: in the meane tyme, he betooke hym ſelf to his accuſtomed walke, whereby to diſgeſt his choler.

Monedula laughyng in her ſleeue, at the ſucceſſe whiche was like to followe, ſeemyng to ſatiſfie his requeſt, came to my Chamber, beeyng directed by my Maide Claudia, and entryng the dooze, ſhe faſtened the inwarde bolte, then drawyng neare our beddes ſide, where ſhe founde vs faſt aſleeye,

ſhe

she wakened vs bothe, who astonyed at suche a sight, began miserably to lament, suspectyng muche, that a Frier should salute vs so late: she seeyng it tyme to comfort vs, softly wringyng vs bothe by the handes, commaunded vs to silence, and in this sorte spake vnto vs.

My Maister and Mistris be of good cheare, it is a the Frier that meaneth to salue a sore, whiche if it were not wisely looked vnto, I feare me it would goe harde with you. In euill tyme sweete Ladie, your Housebande is returned home, and myndyng pleasauntly to bedde with your by darke, he hard the breathyng of two bodies, and in a rage sent for a Frier to giue you Shrifte, after intendyng to worke a reuenge, your wife Maide Claudia hath salued vp all, for commyng home, and making me priuie of the hard fortune that had betaine you, and the message where aboutes she was sent, I borowed this habite as you see, and am sent in by your Housebande to giue you Shrift.

We two Louers hearyng of this heauie happe, wonderfully amased with this sodaine returne, and incredibly tormented with feare of death, yet somewhat comforted with Monedulas wordes, besought our Mother of some good instructions, promising her, that if she saued this sore, she should haue the paie of two Phisitions.

She louyng money, and hearyng to faire a promise, comforted vs thus,

Maister (quod she) can not you plaie the Frier, necessitie is a good Schoolemistris, arise therefore and roabe you in my Friers apparrell, and you shall see mee quickly become bedfellowe to a fayre Ladie, you vnderstand by a cipher my meanyng, and I dare not be tedious least Volcrado be suspicious, arise Maister and apparrell you, and then learne you this lesson, when you shall goe out to the Marchaunt, you shall chyde extreamely, tellyng hym the wickednesse that Iealousie still worketh, and bring him into the Chamber where he shall finde vs two a bed, and seyng me to be his Nurse, I will faine came hether late yesternight for the loue of hym, and was detayned by his wife this night for her bedfellowe, if you followe this

course,

course, no doubt but all will be well: dispatch therefore, for now must I to bed.

Thus (gostly father) the matter was concluded, my frend readie apparrelled, a Gentleman in a Friers Weede, Monedula and I together in bedd, all thinges wisely handled, Proculus now tooke his leaue of his Lamia, and wholed the doze to goe perswade with angrie Voltranio, who no sooner harde the dooze open, but with hastie pase came to meete the Frier, (in deede his very foe) and earnestly demaunded of hym the veritie of the matter, who in this sozte, and with this course of speeche (as I afterwardes learned) deluded my Housebande, yet disburdined hym of his Jelousie.

Oh Signior Voltranio, amongst all euiles the greatest and moste pernicious errour, Jelousie yet exceedeth, whiche not onely altereth nature, but also is cause of muche horrour and confusion, I marualle that you a Gentleman of good birthe, and a man of approued wisedome, will so vnwisely suspect, and so wilfully pretende the murtheryng of a vertuouse Ladie, and as faithfull a wife as any liueth in this Citie, naie in my conscience in the whole worlde.

Truely Gentleman, you haue greuously offended, who after your long absence, in steede of freendly greetyng, haue made your wife grow in teares, and perhappes through your wicked Jelousie, conceiue suche a hart soze, as will bryng her yong and tender body quickly to her graue. Surely it greueth me to see howe heauely she taketh your suspition, and had it not been for me, and that good olde woman her bedfellow, and your Nurse, I am afraied she would haue proffered her self some desperate violence for very griefe.

Come in quickly sir, and with calmer wordes helpe to content her, whom vnkindly you haue displeased, cause Candles to be lighted, that you maie goe and comfort her, I am sorrie that our Venetians should be made pitie to your folly.

Voltranio hearyng these wordes, my pooze and pittifull Housebande, thinkyng our dissemblyng Friers speeches an Oracle, with greate and grieuous lamentations, and with many and crewell blowes he battered his face, and had not Pro-

coulde helde hym he had slaine hym selfe.

The Candles beyng light, he came into me on his knees, he humbly craued pardon, and with many sweete kisses began to comfort me, who craftely counterfeited, and made my good freende a Peecocke. Oh how I exclaimed on his inconstancie where I onely was lewde to conclude, our Frier made the atonement, for he had taken the possession before from the right heyer.

My Monedula was welcomed ten thousande tymes, I reconforted, she with crownes departed home, and our Frier had a rewarde for his paines giuen hym by my Housebande, Voltranio became no more suspitious, and for my selfe euer after that (vnlesse it were two or three escapes) I was faithfull and louyng. Loe here the true and certaine information of my lewde life, loe here the anotomie of a cunnyng dissembler, loe here how youth is subiect to errour, and is wonne with euery light blast of report. I am sorie I loude in that I haue sinned, I repent me in that I haue done vnlustily, and in deuotion I promise I will amende it. O good GOD, see the vanities of these daies, women that are the weaker vesselles, are the instructers of men, and as thei were the first cause of sinne in Paradise, so faile thei not to fashion in this wretched World: All estates runne at randome, Religiõ couereth some misdeedes, although thei cloake it with mildeamyng. What honest Frier would haue lent his Coule to couer a sinne more then damnable, nay what man of vertue would be thought to be aquainted with our night birde Monedula.

These my errours perhappes are straunge to you (holy Hermite) whiche haue abandoned your selfe from the Citie to followe solitarinesse: But truely as thei passe from me with contrition, so I beseeche the almightie to let them passe with remission.

To conclude, I see our Romishe Elargie can sowe Rye, and plaine meanyng men must be contented to reape it: for craft now adaies is the simple mans aquitaunce.

O happie Venice, when the women onely delighted in their Beades and Pariage bedes. O vnhappie Venice, when a

wicked

wicked womans perſwaſion, can worke in twaine the bandes of bleſſed wedlocke.

But I haue been tedious (ghoſtly father) I will therefore ceaſe to be iniurious, moſt earneſtly beſeechyng you, to whoſe aduiſed inſight, my hartie ſorrowe is laied open vnto, graunt me your prayer for my conſolation, and to rewarde my confeſſion, with freendly and fauourable abſolution.

Simonides, our amorous Hermite, hauyng ouer harde, and attentiuely vnderſtoode the whole diſcourſe of Ladie Lamias penitent life, and conſidering the reaſonable requeſt with euery other light regarde, that furniſhed fewell to his burning fancie, as one ſomewhat Religious, yet altogether amorous, he addreſſed by priuie meanes to comforte, and to abſolue the Ladie in this ſorte.

Madame, by your diſcourſe, I bothe vnderſtande your birthe and name, the familie that you came of, and the reporte that the worlde alloweth you. And it had been better (I thinke) you had been baſely borne, beeyng trained vp in vertue, then richely brought vp, to followe lacciuious life: Truely continencie, ought to bee the enſigne of an honourable Ladie, whiche alwaies ſhe ought to aduaunce, againſt all the incounters of yong wilde headed Venetians: It had been more better you had been vnborne, then vntaught. Doe parentes thinke, that when their daughters are moſte Muſicall, thei are beſte mannered? or when ſhe hath her Singuepace by meaſure, ſhe will conteine her ſelfe in mediocritie? No, no, the daies fall out more contrarie, ſhe is beſte brought vp, that is taught to contemne her beautie. In ſteede of gariſhe garmentes, ſeemely veſtimentes, in place of amorous Sonettes, deuoute Diſcourſes, would bothe make a coole bodie, and a comforable ſoule. God gaue beautie, the Deuill pride, theſe garded gounes, theſe ſilken raimentes, theſe curled heare, theſe infinite gaudes practiſed by women, are firſte deriued from the Deuill, who outwardly worketh the bodie, to the inwarde deſolation of the ſoule. Beautie ſheweth her ſelf, not in royaltie of raiment, but in loyaltie of Wedlocke; Better were it that the backe were bare, then the ſoule deuiliſhe, if thyne eye diſpleaſe thee pluckе

it out, and raise it from thee: It were better to enioye heauen maimed, then possesse Hell bodie whole.

I haue recounted all this Ladie Lamia, to sette you vnderstande, the firste fruites of your springyng errour, whereby you maie loathe the effectes, since the beginnynges were so daungerous. I am sorie to heare that this renoumed Citie, the spectacle of the worlde, should bee blemished with so detestable a vice, gentilmen Venetians hauyng so many brothell houses, might leaue the chaste and noble wedded wiues, to the proper vse of their housebandes. But good Lorde, how farre haue you erred, displeasyng your self of heauenly Paradice, to feede on yearthly and transitorie pleasure: Adultrie, thou arte a heauie synne, and hardly mainteined: Woman that art a weake vessell and quickly wonne, but woe to hym by whom the offence commeth, pet comfort your self Madame, in the penitent harte you beare, for it is partaker of remission. Giue almes, for thei shall not hinder you: And for that you are to bee absolued, and according to the Rites of the Church, to be disburdened from the burden that indaungereth you, draue you neere vnto me.

Gentlmen and Ladies, I haue waded thus farre, to open a confession, because it was made open vnto me, but for the order of Penaunce, or the maner of absolution: I neither can perfectly declare it, because he couertly performes it, and in deede, the necessitie is not greate, the matter in tracte is so religious: but I must tell you it was shortly fulfilled, and our Hermite was inuited to our Ladie Lamias house, where beeyng royally entertained for the space of sixe dates, and hearyng of certaine Merchauntes straungers that were trauelyng towardes Genoa, desirous to see the Citie, and to vnderstande if the riches thereof were answerable to the report: After gentle and courteous leaue taken of the penitent Lady Lamia, he imbarked with the Merchauntes: the winde for sixe howers serued well, and the Sonne comforted them verie muche, till sodainly a Northeast winde, with boisterous blastes troubled the Skie with darke some cloudes, and by violent power opened the water gappes of Neptune: The poore Sailers and Merchauntes wonderfully affrighted with this terrible tem-

pest,

yest, plied the Pompe, belaied their tackelyng, the Maister diligently conducted by the Helme. Our Simonides, with the reste of the passengers, vehemently intended their praiers, but the angrie and louryng heauens, the straunge and hugie billowes, the poore hyred and leakyng Barke, put them all out of hope, warnyng them, that their onely refuge was, to arme thē selues for God, for their bodies were alotted to the Sea.

Simonides emongest these, beeyng demaunded of consolation of many, was holie comfortlesse, and dismaied hym self, and seeyng no remedie, whereby he might be releeued of, with wofull, and lamentable voice, he petiously complained hym in these verses thus followyng.

HEauens for all my toyll, shall I haue this reward,
For faithfull Loue, shall I from life and Ladie be debarde
O thou that rules, the ragyng Sea with thy iii. forked mace
If euer thou the Troyan Fleete, didst helpe in heauie case.
If poore Iulus, by thy meanes enioyed Latine lande,
Let poore afflicted passengers, finde fauour at thy hande:
Reuenge the wrong, that Eolus, hath doen within thy raine,
Alaie the Seas, shut vp the floudes, and graunt vs calme againe.
O let not fume, fret thy face, gainst them that honour thee,
Thy aulters shall not faile of fume, so thou wilt succour me:
Alas I see Neptunus failes, I deeme no God he is, (misse,
Then welcome depth, yet heauenly powrs, vouchsafe to mēde our
Thou Primus motor who directes, the Spheres of Planets seuen:
Preserue poore Seawracte men frō woe, sende doune thine aide frō heauen,
No help ô God: no graunt ô flond: then my Clarinda loe,
My partyng ghost, I sende to thee, my corps to flond must goe.

At these laste wordes, the furie of the tempest strake the Ship vpon a Rotke, with so greate violence, that it brake all to shiuers, at whiche tyme, Lorde what a wofull crie there was: how many salutations of newe wedded men: how many fare welles eche to other? Onely our Simonides, by good lucke, castyng hym self on a planke, was saued: the reste pitifully perished, and not without the greate prouidence of the highest surely, for no sooner was the Barke broken, and the passengers drowned, but streight wates the furie of the stormie ceased, and by the violence of the waues, our Seawracte Heremite was driuen a Shore, where settelyng hymself on his knees with

greate deuotion, he yeelded his moste dueti∫ull and abundant thankes, to the almightie, beſechyng hym to pardon his error and follie, in that he had not ſought vnto hym in his trouble, but craued the helpe of prophane and vs Goddes.

This doen, for that he was very hungrie, he began to pie about hym, if poſſibly he could eſpie any place where he might finde ſuſtenaunce to ſlake his hunger, and alſo well to dry e his wet cloathyng: but alas to his more ſorrowe, he founde hym ſelf to be in a wilde deſerte inuyroned with high Mountaines, and onely inhabited with brute and ſauage beaſtes, wherewith at the firſt though he were ſomewhat amaſed, yet he comforted hym ſelf with the remembraunce of his late good lucke, and hauing gathered ſufficiēt fewell, he ſtrake fire with Flines that he founde in the Mountaine, whereby when he had well warmed hym ſelf, and dryed his cloathes, he began to looke out to ſee what fruites the Forreſt might yeelde, but his beſt cheare I thinke was Rootes: wherewith hauyng well vituled hym ſelf, he fortuned to finde ſome fewe cluſters of wilde Grapes, which ſqueeſing in his hande, he made a cuppe of delicate Wine, wherewith he ſatiſfied the vehemencie of his thirſt.

Thus well vituled and warmed, he left the Sea ſhore, makyng a vowe, that as long as feete and land would ſerue hym, the Sea ſhould not be troubled by hym: remembryng now that whiche Cato accompted for an errour, how greate folly it was to goe by water in daunger, when the lande ſerued without perrill, and very willyng to vnderſtande in what coaſt he was landed in, he betooke hym ſelf to ſeeke out ſome ſecrete pathe, whereby to finde a waie out of the Forreſt: long he trauelled, for it was neceſſarie, the Forreſt and deſert was huge, for the ſpace of ſeuen daies he had no ſight of any euident path, but the tract of wilde Beaſtes, the eight daie, he fortuned to light on a by path, which as farre as he had any kenning, was a hie waie in appearaunce to ſome Village or Caſtle, whiche ſomewhat reuiued hym, and with a more willyng mynde he bettered his pace: and hauyng followed on for the ſpace of two Leagues, it grewe towardes night, and the Sunne betakyng her ſelf to her ſhrowde, he likewiſe reſted him ſelf in a queachie Thicket,

where

where for that night he intended to rest, he had not sate there long, but he espied a faire Ladie of incomperable beautie, with her heyre shadowyng her shoulders, apparelled in a Peticoate of greene, her head crowned with Bay, a Quiuer at her back, and Bowe in her hande, pallyng by hym: whereupon he wonderfully amased, and thinkyng her bee some Nymphe of the trayne of Diana, readie to attende upon her Mistris, he softly pace by pace followed her, and at last it so befortuned, that she arriued at a Caue of wonderfull and surpassing singularitie: for that Nature had framed out of a Rocke a notable and exquisit peece of worke, and as it seemed in dispight of Arte.

The enteraunce by Naturall instruction, was portratured the Storie of Arachne and Diana, the perfectnesse of the mortall work and proportions of the heauenly Fabrycature: the supporters of these were twoo Marble Pillers, where on the right Arche was naturally as superiour in Allablaster, discipbered the amorous Demophon, on the left side in Christall, delicate and vertuouse Philis. When he had entered (for this Nymphe was his conducter) Lorde how his senses were rauished, how farre was he from mortall contemplation: For first, the Faierie of the woman, whom he sawe face to face, the miserie of the persone whom he sawe distressed, and the varietie of conceiptes, whiche the place did minister, made hym merry and Melancholy, suspitious and superstitious, he wondered at the one, and feared the other, the Pament was Cristiline, wherein was portratured the wofull passions of Phices, and the crewell meanaces of Iuno, the rare familiarities of Marce and Venus, the common and incommodus pleasures of the Goddesse, the angrie Iuno with her seruaunt Argos, the subtill Mercurie with his Oten Pipe, the faire Io in a disguised shape, the flying Daphne in the figure of a Laurel, the wise Apollo pursuyng Cassandria, the Troyan Propheticy refusing his proffer.

I can not name all, therefore pardon me if I forget some: The walles were hanged with Tapestrie furnished with orient colours, throughly beautified with Pearle and Stone, wherein was worthely wrought the triumphes of Cupide,

with

with the hole Captaines and seruitours of his retinewe, Suspition Admirall: Iealousie Captaine generall: Lookes Cannon shot: Desire, Maister Gunner the principall Souldiours, foolishe Louers: (who for their valoure in somethyng, I will beare withall in this one thing) the Rascall route were Pillers for daies: yet those because thei were mercinary, might be discharged with the Captaines passporte: for the rest, I will leaue it out, least some one should accuse me of errour: for I speake by first sight, and in troth, the principal Officers of euery Legion were Englishe Gentlemen, if thei serue well, God sende them honour for me, the fielde is so perrilous that I dare not enter. You haue heard the true discription of this wonderfull Paradise, now I will make you priuie to the rest that happened in the sight of Simonides.

He hauyng entered with the Ladie, and seene all that I haue made you priuie to, fearyng least he should haue been espied, he secretly conueied hym self into a corner of the Caue, where sencibly he sawe this performed as followeth.

This faire and deuine Nymph, beyng settled on a seate of Marble, reached from a hooke of golde that was fast to the wall, a Harpe of singuler workemanship, stringed with golde and siluer wyre, whereunto she sweetely tunyng and temperyng her voyce, she Nityngale like deliuered this dittie.

NOV boastyng Laddes, who carpe at Cupids mighe,
And skorne his powre, who rules the Prince of Skye:
Lo how my Paphos Queene, for your dispight,
Hath forst her skornefull foe to liue and dye.
Who for that he, did beauties grace denye.
Is wrong with loue, and counterfoylde with hate,
And craues for mercie, in this cell to late.

Doe vayle your bonettes, you of mightie poure,
Loue will beare swaie, it bootes not to resist:
If Cupid once, be forced for to loure,
From anger Venus, scarsly can desist.
If winged Boye take once his Bowe in fist,
Although he blindfolde shootes, and aymes by darcke:
It daily proues, he neuer failes the marke.

Home wofull wretche, the Gods will haue it so,
Weepe Titerus, yet mercie getst thou none:

I here am sent, to yeeld thee store of woe,
Yet not by loue, for to abate thy mone.
And tho thou wouldst, thy life from corps were gone:
It maie not be, thou euery daie must dy,
And loue for hate, and knowe no reason why.

While these, and suche like cruell domes were uttered, in the presence of the amorous Sheperde, and comely Titerus, Loude how the teares distilled from his bloubered eyes, how wofullie wryng he his handes, with how many faire & submissiue speeches, assaied he to mitigate, the furie of his harde Fortune, but all in vaine, for no sooner had the Ladie finished her noates, but with amorous offers she greeted hym, and when he thought hym self moste nearest of his greatest delight, the Ladie sodainly flewe from hym, and his power (by the doome of the Goddes) so weakened, that he was not able to followe her.

Thus two howers and more, poore Sheperde Titerus was tormented, and Simonides beyng the beholder of this intreuible cruelties, could not but shedde teares, my self that sette it doune, can hardely forbeare the sorowe. But to conclude, the Ladie at laste with an amorous and coye regard, tooke her leaue of her louer, and in this sort she scorned hym.

Now faire Pigesnie, and Sheperdly saincte, what thinke you now of Loue, Daphne could not please you, Venus was no Goddes, Cupid in your mouthe was a blinde Boye, how proues it now scornefull paciente, your Phisition you should haue. Now makes you sicke: make muche of this Euensong, your morowe Masse, shall pinche you worse. Whiche sated, as swifte as the winde the Nimphe departed: After whom with many exclamations, whē our Titerus had indeuoured for mercie, and seeyng no hope of helpe, but that his fortune was still to bee thus tormented. He begaune to raise hym self, for that Night had ouershadowed the yearth, he nestled hym self in bed warde, whiche was wonderfull riche and stately, and as it might bee imagined, the gifte of some amorous Fairie, to our poore distressed Titerus.

Now Simonides, who all this while had veiled hym self in a se-

erecte coyner, where he sawe all that had before tyme, seeyng the conuenience of the tyme, raised hym self, and began to drawe neare Titerus, who seeyng suche vnacquainted companie, began sodainly to meruell, and beyng in his mase stoode seme still, his orient couler flourishyng in his face, whiche argued the timeritie of his intude, whiche beeyng perceiued by Simonides, he drewe neare vnto hym, and with these and the like termes, he began to salute hym.

Lette it not seeme straunge (my freende) tho companie be fortune you at this tyme, for truely (in myne opinion) your disease, requires no solitarinesse, and it maie so fall out, that my presence maie pleasure you, and by that shall folowe, my companie maie worke you some availe. I haue seene (not without greate admiration) a sodaine appearaunce of a Ladie, though of beautie surpassyng, yet of cruelties (I readyng) I haue heard her syng sweetely touchyng the note, but too tymely noulde considerynge the dittie, I haue beheelde her amorous proffers, and haue partly conceiued your vnable perfourmaunce I haue seen how hardly Fortune hath deale with you, and the rather for that you haue expressed your sorrowes, with the abundaunce of teares, but what euent will folowe, or what hath paste before, I am bothe ignorante, and earnest to knowe. Now if it shall please you to caste of your dompes, and to put on the paterne and habite of a reasonable manne, I praie you make me priuie to the whole discourse, and that I maie the sooner prouide a remedie for your sorrowe.

The poore Titerus vnacquainted of suche comfort, and not vsed to suche kinde and familiare gratulation, beeyng wrong with his date sorrowe, was desirous of his nightes sleepe, therfore with a drouslie eye and heauie countenaunce, he answered Simonides in this sorte.

Sir, as trauellers that hath past a long and wearisome iourney desire reste, so I that haue been incombred with many calamities, and haue tasted of the sower wigge of mournefull miserie, and desirous (as some allaie to my sorrowe) a filic nightes sleape, whiche Nature hath lente me, like a good mother, to mitigate parte of my sorrowe. And although youre

credible

credible informatiō [illegible]mes me, that you haue bin an eye witnesse of my pur[illegible] yet for that my case is suche, that heauinesse maisterely my wittes, I beseche you to differre the discourse till to morowe morning, at whiche tyme after my morowe trouble, you shall vnderstande the cause of my wofull misfortune, and in the meane tyme, if it like you to bee a Sheperdes bedfellowe, I will not faile to giue you the beste entertainement I maie.

Simonides thanked hym hartely, and beyng as willyng as he to yeeld Nature her due, he became bedfellowe to Titerus for that night, where he rested hym self to his contentation, our Heremite sleapt soundly, how the afflicted pacient paste the night, I referre me to those that are in dread of a morowe daunger. The messenger of the Sunne, had not eight howers shrouded her self, but sodainly gaue token of Phebus succeding glory, at whiche tyme our Titerus apparelled hym self, and takyng Shepehooke, Tarre boxe, and other Sheperdly instrumentes, he softly departed his Caban, leauyng Simonides fast a sleape, who raised at length by the roiall beames that the Sunne had reflected, on the pament of the princely fabrycature, sorowfull for the sodaine departure of his bedfellowe, quickly apparelled hym self, and with speedie pace commended hym self to the queste of the Sheperd, long he sought, till at length he founde Titerus, who was traualed so farre to auoide the companie of Simonides, but good lucke was at that verie tyme, the Sheparde was tunyng his Instrumente, to make sute to the angrie Goddes. Our Heremite by the record drewe neare, and couertly couerynge hym self into the corner of a quicke sette Hedge, against whiche Titerus was leanyng his backe, beholdyng his Heard, and lamentyng his misfortune, he heard hym wofully to his Harpe syng this sorowfull Sonet.

YE wofull wightes, whom Cupide doeth constraine,
With warblyng noates, to waile your stoupyng state:
Ye pensiue prisoners, p'unged all in paine.
Bereft of reste, and foilde with heauie fate,
Helpe hym to mourne, that mourneth all to late.
A sillie Sheperd, wrong with deadly Ire,

[illegible]

Of Paphos Queene, the mother of desire.

Once beautie braue, once coye and seemely face,
Midst many Sheaperdes, made me beare the name,
The water Nymphes, for all their stately grace:
Were forst to Loue, by lookyng on the same,
But proude contempt, did set me out to frame.
I scornde to Loue, faire Daphne Ladie bright,
Whiche forst faire Venus worke me this dispight.

If auncient myrrores, might haue serude my turne,
Narcissus facte, might well haue warned me,
He scorned faire Eccho, who for Loue did burne:
And died for lacke, of that whiche seemde to bee.
Thus good and badde, doeth alter eche degree.
And sodaine honour, makes some rise aloste,
Whose sodaine fall, hath been derided ofte.

O you whom Nature, hath adorned well,
With beauties blase, with faire and crystall eyes,
Let no disdaine, amidst your iudgement dwell:
Least you bee wrong, with like calamities,
Through straunge contempt, greate plagues doe often rise.
Where he that yeeldes, to mercie of his foe,
For greate or little, raunsome home maie goe.

O me vile wretche, how many heapes of cares,
How many Occeans, of vnwildie woe,
How many wronges, how ofte and subtill feares:
Ouerwhelme my harte, that I my self maie knowe,
O Loue would God, these wronges might part me fro.
O Daphne would, thou wert betweene myne armes,
For whose sweete sake, I suffer all these harmes.

But thou O Queene, oh Cupids mother deare,
Beholde my plaintes, loe my submissiue hart:
O mightie Goddes, whom my soule doth feare,
Graunt mercie now, the Sheapheard will conuert.
And Daphne fayre, shall haue her due desert:
And I a slaue, will at thine Aulter stande,
And make thy shrine, more famous in the lande.

And Titerus, with all his fielde compheares,
With oten Pipes, and with their best repast:
Will praise thy name, this daie and many yeares,
Since thou vouchsaftes, some mercie at the last.
But if the fatall dome, be readie past:
O praie thy Vultane, he will ease the harme,
And take to Ætna, this my flamyng warme.

My little flocke, whom I haue loued long,
Farewell adewe, your sheapheard must awaie:
Be witnesse yet, of this my mournefull song,
And I will chaunge, your feede to morowe daie.
Good louyng sheepe, see you runne not astraie,
O Pan thou ruler, of the sheapheards trade:
Preserue my flocke, least Wolues doe them inuade.

My Puckearde Ewe, since thou doest beare the bell,
And all thy mates, doe followe at thy call:
Keepe still this launo, this grasse will like you well,
And I will come at night, and mende your stall.
You knowe my will, this is the summe of all:
Farewell my sirtell flocke, I must awaie,
To bide those panges, as Gods might well affraie.

This said, with his Harpe at his backe, his Sheepehooke in his hande, with teares in his eyes, and sorrowe in his hart, like calmie Zephirus, he flew homewarde, whiche when Simonides perceiues, being desirouse to see the whole summe of his fortune, and how the worlde would goe with hym (as fast as his long garmentes would giue hym leaue) followed hym, till at the last he espied the very same Nymphe, whiche the night before tormented Titerus, returnyng towardes hym (as it was to bee deemed) to increase his Martirdome, whom he with stealyng pace followed, and so happely couered hym self, that without any of their knowledge, he attained to his olde secrete Chamber, where beyng settled, he beheld the stately Nymph, with how braue a Maiestie she placed her self in her Marble seate, and with how gallaunt a regarde, she beheld passionat Titerus, who studyng opertunitie, began most lamentably, to submit hym self in this sorte.

O gratious Aglara, the seruant of a soueraigne Queene, Mother to a stately and mightie God, graunt me grace to ope the very narowe of my submission, and with a gratious and feminine looke of mercie, abate some right to whiche is inioyned me, and with fauour preferre my humble contrition before the mercie seate of your Ladie and Mistris, the Goddes Venus. Poore Titerus, I sillie Sheepeheard, dutifully confesse the errour, and humbly request pardone for the offence, that vngratiously and in contempt of the dietie, and disparagment of beautie I haue committed. Which since it is the first pointe

to attaine fauour, O delicate Nymph sprong from the loynes of perfect Nature, and wonderfully beautified by the beneuolence of the Goddes, let this thy your meanes worke me some mercie. O vngratious man that I was, who suffered my self to be swallowed vp with errour, and to be led by contempt, to be disdainefull on her, who might be steeme Apollos loue.

O Daphne, thou floure of Loyaltie, when shall I see thee about the water banckes, that remnying to water my flocke, I might submit my self to thy mercie, with how many faire speeches, comely greetynges, and sweete melodies, would Tityrus trye thee, thou shouldest inioye the fruitfulnes of my flocke, and what greater pleasure my Soule could imagine, thou shouldst not want it. But alas, she is vereft me, my disdaine, my disdaine miserable that I am, hath made me contemned. O Aglara, though thy beauty be ordained to increase my martyrdome, though thy amorous proffers be appointed to be a hatefryng to me poore Tityrus, yet if any mercie byde with a gracious and amyable Nymph, tell me what waie maie be wrought, wherby vnethe the furie of the heauens may be pacified, and Tityrus made ioyefull. Daphne: I am weary to beare these reproaches, yet to mercie vse them good Aglara, the Shepeheard is to too penitent.

The stately lem Goddes, hauyng herde the ioyfull confession of Tityrus, and sweete hymn in this sorte.

Thou contemner of Ladies and dispiser of Loyaltie, thinkest thou, the dishonour thou hast donne to the Goddesse will be pacified with a teare? imagineste thou, that our Queene of Paphos is mo all to forget an iniurie? No, the wrong thou hast wrought to her Deitie, will not be wrong out of oblivion: she that hath destroyed whole Nations for lesse abuses, should she pardon thee that hath committed greate blaphemie, as well against her self and courtly traine, as also against her sweete sonne and heyre, my young Master Cupid.

I am sorie Tityrus for thine errour, and it grieues me that amongst so many other other Handmaides, that I onely was appointed to this office. But to comforte thee a while, to be eased thy Purgacorie maie be made somewhat the more easie,

when

when by and by it shall be executed. I will tell thee definitiue sentence of my Mistris, and vnlesse by that meanes thy cause set downe thou attaine her fauour, I can deuise no other meane, whereby thy sorrowes should be asswaged.

Venus my amorous Dame, taking occasion of thy contempres, in the Temple of her high Citie, beyng naturally inclined to mercie, and yet roughtily moued by thy wiles, intyrying the care of her Nymph Daphne, and wishing the amendement and reconciliation of Tereus, deliuered me in this darke riddle, the waie of thy redresse, and the remedie that should be sufficient, to my fellowe Nymphe and youre louyng friende, whiche attentiuely giue eare vnto, for I feare me thou wilt partly vnderstande it, and to Daphnes sake I will leaue it with thee in writyng, that this next night thou mayest take counsaile of thy pillowe, and as I repoure it now, so reade it thou.

A Senceles bodie clothed in a flease,
That neuer knewe, the fashion of this soyle:
That hath both sence, and soule, and loues a mayde,
Shall teache thee that, for whiche thou long dust toyle.
Whose to muche loue, doth make him loath his life,
Whose loue and life, consumed euery daie,
Him seeke thou out, for he must ende the strife.
Whithe is a man, whose office is to praie.
There growes a mayden tree amid this groue,
Whose boughes God, doth for his garlande weare:
There he and thou, shall finde that thou doest craue,
Where Daphne dyed, there seeke thy wedded feare.
Two Sunnes shall steape, their heades in occean sea,
Two Moones shall shewe their pale and horned hed:
Ere thou gaine grace, vnlesse thy hap it be,
By chaunce to light, vpon thy louers bed.

Loe Shepeerde my Mistres sentence, see here the meanes of your amendement, when you vnfolde this, your sorrowe ceaseth, if you faile to performe this, the more woe will assaile you, but for that the appointed houre is almoste paste, and I am to attende on my Mistres this daie, at the spring of Persopolis, for that Diana and she hath appointed, there to bathe them selues, make thee ready Titerus, for now approacheth thy

torment,

...ynge her, whiche laied discouerynge her golden bushe of heare and to make her beautie the more yearlyng to the poore Sheperde, she laied open her pure and pleasaunt pappes, thus placyng her self before poore patient Titerus (the rather to aggrauate his greater greef) she proffered hym many louyng and courteous imbracementes, with suche sweete and allurynge inticementes, that he beeyng pricked, with the sharpest shaft of Cupids Quiuer: humbly vppon his knees praied for that, whiche she with coye, and straunge demeanure continually denaied hym, yet still mouckyng hym with her pleasaunt proffers, baitynge his hope in all thynges, saue in that he moste desired, when she would spightfully shake hym of, with syghe and soule ill paine. The furie wherof so vehemently assailed the scaldyng breaste of my poore Titerus, that like the mount Ætna, (whiche the Poetes faigne to be the Shoppe of Vulcan) casteth out sundrie flames, and wonderfull fumes, to the admiration of the inhabitantes there aboutes: so our poore Sheaperd streined out at his eyes, euident fyrie reflection, and forcibly breathed out at his nostrelles, the fumyng smoke that proceaded from his burnyng breaste. And as the gulfe of Arabia, with many and sundrie entercourses of waues, maketh shewe of an infernall horrour, so the trickelyng teares, that distilled from his eyes, resembled the billowes of a boysterous sea. Harde were it to describe the passion that vexed poore Titerus, and the amazous proffers that passed from Aglaura.

Simonides poore soule, beholdyng these incounters, began with teares to lamente the Sheaperdes destenie, and had it not been to the displeasure of Venus whom he serued, or to the dishonour of the Nymphe whiche tormented Titerus, he would sodainly haue broke out to the rescues of the Sheaperde, but the Ladie seyng her tyme nie vnto here, and that she must depart, betooke her self to her Barge, whereupon she sunge her farewell in this sorte.

Farewell poore Titerus,
The beautie of the deserte Sheaperdes all,
In vaine to amorus,
For why Disdaine destines thou shalt bee thrall:
To her whom Goddes appoinct to worke thy woe,

Yet

Yet would Argus might not gaine thereby.
O Venus graunt mercie,
Pitie his heauinesse,
How he lamentes his proude and high contempte,
O graunt hym happinesse:
His soule from cares and sorrowe to exempte.
Submission would o Queene he should haue lyte,
Where to he sate Daphne for his wedded wife.
O Cupid same pitie,
Behold his miserie,
How many thousande woes doe hym assaile:
O yeeld to lenitie,
For mercie serueth to a Quemes auaile.
Poore Tuerus I waile that I emongst the reste,
Am sent eche daie to bee thy angrie gueste.
Poore Sheapere farewell.

This doen, she tooke her Harpe, and hanged it about her patientes necke, and thus she departed as swift as the winde, Titerus following to take as he could, although in vaine, and beeing weare of his woe and toile, he tates hym downe in a pleasaunt plot, where he might behold his Sheepe and Heardes of wilde Goates. Simonides who like wise followed, tates hym downe at the Sheaperdes backe, beeing weary and mulying, bothe of the rudnesse of the Nymphe, and what might bee the ridole, that was left with Titerus. Many imaginations came to his heade, whereof the imaginations troubled his braine, finally eyther he concluded this waie of his probleame, other eyther his opinion was altered, or the laste it fell out (that to cure of his dumpes) he heard this discourse whiche Titerus had with hym left, to the whiche more attentiuely, for the lamentable delliuerie thereof he lifted his eare.

O poore and infortunate Titerus, why did Nature make thee amiable, and deme thee to be amorous, what bates it thee fame hathe shon, that enioyst all the riche Sheaperdes, thou art feeded with pleasure. Coridon how fortunate is he in his Sheepe, how well stored of cattell, how well greeted by the Nymphes, how well ioyed by his youthe. How pleasauntly beholding his mulynges. He doeth daily feed

Pipe recorde the commodities of the lady, the praise of Pan the God of Sheaperdes, the loue of Iupiter with Io, the death of Argus by Mercurie. Onely I poore wretche, emongest all men enioying beautie, am of euery one moste despised, and beyng thought moste worthy to imbrace all pleasure, am yet so hardly scanticd, that I possesse none. But whence (O Goddes) proceadeth this cause of maladie, from the furie of your, or the folly of my self, you worke no ill, you punishe wrong: from me first sprong my cause of sorrowe, from contempt that possessed my soule, my first plague issued.

O that the worlde knewe my misfortune, whiche is ouerwhelmed with my disease, that would then feare danger in the Courte, as well as feede sorrowe in the deserte. But woe is me that emongest all others louers, I am moste infortunate, for thei either are satisfied with their desire, or eis dispossessed of their sorrowes by death. Onely I (poore vnhappie Sheaperde) bothe long to dye in Loue and can not, and desire to ceasse my Loue and maie not, so I am promised by the Goddes for contemnyng of Daphne, and am tormented in my self, for not enioying of Daphne.

But my cruell Maistres Algara, the messenger of the angrie Goddes, hathe set me a naked sentence, God graunte it growe to effecte, but I feare me the thing is impossible, and therfore not performable, as though senceles bodies in sheepes clothyng, could instructe a naturall and reasonable man, as that feminine substaunces, would be delighted onely with sensible appearaunces. Farre be it from my thoughte, that either a braute beaste should instruct me, or Loue which is heauenlie, should bee ledde with that whiche is almoste earthlie. I will wade no farther in contemplation of this Elemphas, the more plainesse I looke for, the more falsenes I finde in it. Little bee my ioyes, when appearaunces in shewe, bereue my pleasure and tranquilitie in the ende. O do I liue, nay dye. Theyre muche paper lacke pleasaunte in shewe, comber some in substaunce, frantique are the ropes I here, when howers doates it out, and a million of leasure bereaues me of remembraunce of hymselfe. But Death whither now runs all the miserable

saieth

falsely, thou art equall to all creatures, and wilt thou bee partiall to me; myne eyes that set vaine pleasures desire to be vnmerciful, and as the paines I indure, are through a Goddes Stygian othe, so by a mercifull Maiesties helpe, thei make bee dispelled: Faine would I speake more, but my thoughtes are so troubled with many inconueniences, that hardly I can imagine, how to ease my self of my sorrowe. But for that I conceiue no helpe likely, no Asperte fauourable, no Planet fortunate, O Atropos, decide the controuersie, and helpe to make a breache betweene my paine and passion, let my materiall sorrowe, bee brought to finall exigente, and worke thou that by thy cold humour, that can not bee brought to passe by my hotte Loue.

If Goddes graunt fauour, let them leaue fallaces, Shepherdes loue plaines, sure thei loue purely.

I speake not to the Oracle of Apollo gracious Venus, to haue a doubtfull aunswere, but I crue to the Mother of Cupide, and sole Wife of Vulcan: O pitifull Goddes, O pitie sweete Goddes pittie.

These woordes were fumed out with a seeldyng sigh, and sanctified with the twoo springyng Fountaines of his eyes, whiche Nature lent hym, to mollifie his troubled and ouerburthened harte: Whereupon he addressed hym self to serue his malancholy muse, and takyng his Harpe from his backe, beholdyng his feedyng Sheepe with many wofull glaunces, he indeuoured to tune his Instrumēt, mindyng to make some mournefull melodie to feede his sorrowfull fancie.

Simonides (our curtiouse Hermite) hauyng with greate sorrowe, bin ouerhearer to the wofull tale of poore and louyng Tityrus, and considering of the hole purpose, that Aglaia had deliuered in verse and prolleme, and deliberated vppon euery conuenience and discommoditie, euery pleasure and displeasure, euery doubtfull assewe and euery darke worke in operation, he at last by deuine inspiration attained to the knowledge of the truthe, and therefore watchyng his conuenient tyme, whereby he might take vpon the true purpose and meanyng of the Goddes to the vnfayryng Shepheards, he began

to listen to his discourse, for no sooner had our Hermite left his imagining, but our Shepheard fell to singing, and at the first worde in that he named Eccho, our Hermite thought it not amis to vse the office of Eccho. Thus it fortuned in both, and Fortune wrought in them bothe thus: Simonides willing to doe good, our Shephearde desirous to haue good, bothe must neither purpose, the one how that he sought for in long, the other that he wished for; the releeuyng of poore Tirerus, who after all stryuinges set in vniformitie, in this amorous and lamentable maner saluted the Muses, and called on Eccho.

Eccho thou pleasaunt Nymph, whose pratyng tonge,
By openyng tales, of Iuno to her frende:
Since thou hast dwelt, within this Forest longe,
Vouchsafe some helpe, my sorrowes for to ende:

Simonides, attendyng the small discourse and clause of the ditty with equall tune, beyng helped by the reuerberation of the Rocke and ayre, aunswered Ende: whereat Tirerus somewhat astonyed, yet a little comforted replied thus.

Ende Eccho why, the ladie of my life,
Hath cast me of, and yeeldes me this anoye:
And canst thou then, attaine to ende the strife,
When Goddes them selues, haue sworne I shall not ioye.
Simonides. Ioy.
Ioy Eccho why, the note Aglara gaue,
By no deuise, my sillie brayne can scape
Good Eccho let, me now thy iudgement haue,
What meanes the Goddes, either beast or man.
Simonides. Man.
Man Eccho why, the style proues nothyng so,
For men haue sence, and he must senceles rest:
Who shall instruct, me to allaie my woe,
And ease my harmes, would he were ready prest.
Simonides. Prest.
A senceles man, I can not thinke it true,
For none but Louers, Reasons rules doe flye:
Ile be then a Louer Eccho shew,
Who shall procure, the Sheepheardes remedi.
Simonides. P
A Louer O ye heauens, yet they faile,
That he which must, all burden me of feare:
Must clothed be in woll, and still doth raine,
Eccho tell me, if suche a one be neare.
Simonides. Neare.

Neare

Neare worthie wight, if loue possesse thy brest,
Vouchsafe that Titerus maie view thy face:
Who both by loue, is driuen to greate vnrest,
And still must waile, till he maie thee embrace.
Simonides. Imbrace.

Our Eccho hauyng vttered this last woorde, like an aged Father in attyre, and an Angell in face, he louyngly offered hym self to the vieww of the Sheaphearde, who wonderyng to beholde Simonides, that in all chaunges hytherto exhibited sight of the sence of his problearne, longeryng hym self, in humble wise he fell vppon his knees before our Hermite, earnestly requestyng hym to make manifest the whole discourse of his commyng thither, and to what ende he answered hym in forme of an Eccho, whether therby he ymagined to feede hym with some hope, or determinated (beyng moued with pitie) to procure hym some remedie.

Simonides perceiuyng the plight that Titerus was in, and how greatly he had forgotten hym self, imbraced the Sheaphearde in his armes, comforteyng hym thus.

Titerus, and seemely Sheaphearde, I wonder that thou beyng a reasonable man, and one of singuler beautie, that thou wilt so muche stoope to sorrowe, and leaue thy self destitute of good successe by vnseemely sadnes, if thou seest thy paine to be necessarie, thou art not to sorrowe: for it is more wholesome to beare a misfortune equally in thy self, thereto qualifie him an other by learned perswasion. I see thy memorie failech thee, when thou forgettest thy last nyghtes bedfellowe: Loe here the beholder of thy torment, and the dispeller of thy trouble. Not without cause haue the Manes ministred me waie to lande, and the powres graunted me possession of this desert, when by my helps, thou shalt bee restored to thy wonted pleasure, and and by my consaile Daphnis shall bee knowen to thee; put a waie therefore from thee all care, and let not these or suche like follies induce thee, to the amorous delight of transitorie pleasure, but haue an eye vpwarde, for the better parte of thee is heauenly. My self am the senceles nun clothed in fleese as you see, and a louer of a noble and beautifull wight, as Venus well knoweth, whose Habite is Religious, and wholy professed to

praier.

I knowe bothe where Daphne dyed, and where Daphne now liueth, ye where she liueth (if the message that was sent you, be as truely ment as I haue effectually conceiued of it) I will bothe honestly and brotherly leaue you for her bed, and when my businesse performed (by your aduise) learne the waie how to atchieue Daphne, whose loue did not your earle requi-red I would no longer time then I desired, that therefore I might further me with brotherly remedies, as my request was the last night, so this daie I praie you orderly repeate vn-to me, the whole discourse of your former aduentures, that I male the more aptly prouide for your profite, and further you in that, which you so earnestly labour.

Tityrus as one raised with a dreame, in a greate muse be-helde Simonides a long space, but in time recouering him-self, considered how necessarie it was to vse the opertunitie that was offered, he reuerently (reseruing a due place of his greene Hillocke to Simonides, and laieng his Instrument a-side, spake thus.

Noble Seignior, (for other title I knowe not neither such like clothyng or seruely garmentes haue euer happened to any sight) I must crave pardon, if beeyng but a poore fielde Sheapheard as I am, I should presume to vtter a homely protestation to you, whose eares haue bin acquainted with the rethoricall discourses of the Citie Dames, and perhaps will hardly brooke the barbarous phrase of rude rethoricke: yet to that of necessitie I must dissolue, and to the secure of my wounded harte vtter the actions of my whole life, I praie you beare with my homely style, which though it shall want vniuersite wise-domme, I doubt not but to store it with our fielde Philosophie. I was borne (noble Gentleman) in the confines of Catalonia, in a Village called Bedouin, my father Romano Corsicy, a Gentleman of Spayne, who by misfortune faine to decaie, was inforced to flye from the furie of crewell creditors, and to betake hym self with suche small possession as he had into this Countrie, where growing in acquaintaunce with the Cap-taine of the Castle Saint Angello, seuen leagues from Ge-

mother, partly for my Mothers sake a faire gentlewoman called Madame Pomilla, and for her sake Canmerdis of exquisite beaute in my youth, intreated my father right courtlie, and entertained vs as fauourably, till pleasure the Goddes to call my mother, after whose decease, our estate began to decrease, and from a stable friends, my father was made a Stable keeper, his poore sonne Tityrus a Shepherd. God enioyeth both mother and father long, and poore Shepherd I, am reserued aliue to this torment, tenne Winters and more, haue I pleasauntly looked to my flocke, and prouided for my Ewes, I haue been carefull for their fodder, and curious to trimming their stalle, and had more Nymphe shewed this laste yere to haue loued me (God he knowes) I haue been free from sorowe, I had known no calamitie, but Fortune your Deitie GOD wrought my woe in this desarte, and by proofe taught me, that sorrowe is as well receyuable, in the solitarie soile, as the societie of men, how sadly sang the Poete when he verified thus.

Fortunatos homines bona si sua nocint Agricolas.

There was a pretie Nymphe, that haunted here aboute, not farre from yonder steepe mountaine, who anxiously was sought to by one of my fellowe Shepherdes Coridon, and the maiden beeyng pitifullie mooued, graunted a Mariage, the wedding daie beyng then named, emongest many other my self was sent for there to her present, Pan our greate GOD that daie caried the bride Cupyde, and Priapus leade the Bride her self, I young stripling, was attendante vpon our newe maried Coridon. O how many pretie Nymphes were there that daie dauncyng, Dianas whole traine, came to visite the Nupciall, Venus lefte neuer a Shepheard that daie without his Lasse, amongest all, I alone was the man that was chosen, by a delicate Nymphe, called Daphne, of the retinue of Cupide his mother, who offeryng vnto me many amorous glaunces, I requited with proude disdaine, and profferyng sweete imbracyngs, was matched with my leude refusalles, so that after the mariage daie she began to fall sick, and her accustomed mirthe was tourned to mone, Venus quickly soundyng the

cause

fault of her vnkindnesse, and forgot her holie vowes & faithfull promises, made her rise vp to slake my displeasing flames, and driue me by the sequele expulse mine vnpossibilitie, (woe is me that I was so fortunate) is that your poore pitifull Nimphe (with finger in the eye) was faine to praie help of her Mistres who pitying her Daphnides case, complained to her louing Oaplade, who first louingly vsed his Court'sie, most politicke with me of the wyning whereto Daphne, but finding me headstrong bent with a furious storme, to driue all vnto wretchednesse the haue, and wounded my contumelous harte, with the desire of Aglaia whom you saw, who the more to vexe me, tickleth my hope with her amorous smiles, and yet requiteth my desire, with most dispightfull frumpes.

This is the true report worthie Segnior, of my first birth and bringyng vp, my pleasure and my paine, nowe since I vnderstande, that it lieth in you to doe me good, and that the fauourable Goddes, by your meanes are determined to ease my sorrowe, in that I am penitente, I beseche you to take the paines, to comforte a poore Shepherde, and to ease his harmes, who is altogether eaten vp with sorrowe, and consumed with amorous agonies.

Simonides hauyng vnderstoode that whiche he sought for, tooke Titerus by the hande, and briefly to the purpose discoursed thus.

Thy good freende, thou art to yeelde the immortall powers greate thankes, in that emongest many tormentes, they haue elected thee to one that is not remediable, where as there bee others, that bothe are wrong with more greater extremities, and yet are altogether without hope of later comforte.

Thy contempt hath had a worthie reward, and rondyngly thou hast been punished, and since thou art thus beaten with thine owne rodde, and thy experience makes thee wise, thou art sufficiently armed, to warne other of the inconuenience that hath bitten thee, but for that breefly thou shalte bee satisfied in fewe woordes declare, where diddest thou leaue Daphne.

Titerus answered, I lefte her laste in her Caban, on the butte of yonder Mountaine, hard by a Laurell tree.

Simonides

Simonides no sooner heard this, but assured by vnsaft of the truthe that would folowe, and glad of the shepherdes fortunitie, by his conductyng, he easilie passed to the place before named, to the whiche when they were arriued, they might beholde a curious claie, compassed with hedges of Laurell, and beautified with seates of Primeroses, where into, when Simonides and Titerus had entered, it was their hap vpon a banke of Turues, beset with Violet and Primerose, to beholde Daphne, lamentablie complaiuyng her fate to Venus, and vppon her Lute, ruthfullie recountyng her misfortune: To the whiche Simonides perceiuyng, he secretly withdrewe hym self, with Titerus, to stande a while, till she had ended her sorowfull ditie, that there by they might the rather construe her meanyng, who no sooner shrouded in the leaues, but she began sorowefullie to complaine.

WOfull harte, how many plungyng paines,
Secludes my truste, from hope of after ioye:
O teares dutull, from Conduites of my vaines,
The scaldyng bloud, that breedeth my anoye.

O Mistres deare, and if thy mighte sonne,
The stately God, the prince of lastyng Lone:
By Maidens mone, were moued or ere wonne,
Let my distresse, some mercie in hym moue.

O scornefull Shepherd, why deeth proude disdaine,
Inforce thee stumpe, at her who loues thee welle
O Titerus, if nought a Nimphe to gaine,
Who in dame Venus, traine doeth beare the bell.

O would thou saweste, the tormentes I abide,
The wryngyng woes, that doeth my soule assaile:
The thoughtes that hope, and fancie doe deuide,
The dreadfull dreames, that doe my purpose quaile,

Thou wouldest then leaue, thy sillie Sheepe alone,
And come and see, the sorrowe that I beare:
And at the laste, as maistered by my mone,
While I made sute, vouchsafe a listenyng eare.
But if no grace, in Titerus will bee,
You Goddes reuenge, the wrong he doeth to me.

in Thetis all this while, who beholde her teares and lamentation, wounded with incredible torment, he suddainly rushed in to the Fountaine, and finding her almoste in a sounde, for lacke of Aqua vitæ, he reuiued her againe with amorous kisses, beyng thus come to her self, layeng her delicate heade on his shoulders, washyng his face with her teares, she begaine thus to salute hym. O Titerus, what makest thou here to increase my torment, is it not inough to hyre in absence to mortifie me, but when my sorrowes are at full, with thy faire face to pierce my more miserie, O good Shepherde bee pitifull, let not so vile disdaine harbour in thy harte, either absent thy self, or if any bountie bee in Titerus, let me by thine owne handes bee rydde of this cumberlome life. The Shepherd imbrasyng her tenderly with a courteous kisse, sanctified with millions of teares, he comforted her thus.

O gratious Nymph (the brauest beautie in our fielde) pardon my contempt, and take pitie of my sorrowfull misfortune, let not my folly that is past, seclude me from my good fortune that is to come, since thou louest, graunt hym loue that equally is amorous: O let thy troubles and my tormentes bee now finished, and since the Goddes do graunt vs their fauour, let not our delaie make vs vnfortunate.

She hearyng this vnlooked for, yet pleasaunt and allowable offer, thankfully accepted his conditions: Loue concludes their willes both to one regent, and at one instant, whiche Simondes perceiuyng and glad of this good event, drewe nere vnto them, and presented himself to their companie, whom no sooner had our Shepheard espied, but with many immortall thankes to the Goddes, and courteous gratulations to the Hermite poore Titerus requited: Faire Daphne (for want of better presence welcomed hym with a kisse: all thynges fell out very happily, and our Hermite with the two amorous couple were sett downe together, who gravely shewyng the Pacifie of his profession, exhorted the yong couple thus.

Gentiles in Amoures, you maie see vpon what power the Goddes haue, who in a moment can bryng that to passe, which is supposed impossible, in mans simple and foolishe imagination,

tion; you are now to enioye the pleasure you long looke for, and to couple your selues in the holy and wished state of Wedlocke, to be partakers of such happie suite, whereby your diuerse soules and bodies, shall be interchaungably coupled in one substaunce, you maie therefore sigh opertunitie serueth, and I am here of sufficient authoritie, bothe willyng and redie to further your honest and lawfull desires. Ioyne therefore in Wedlocke, and take your first fruictes of pleasure by this light. The couple were not so easelie agreed, but that were as quickly maried, with equall ioye and mutuall delight. There came to the honouring of the mariage Aglara, Menalippe, and Philida, three of the Nymphes of Venus, who seyng the matter sorted out to so good agreement, ioyfully imbraced the wedded couple, and setting in some Faunes, Satiers, and Siluan Shepherdes, thei solemnised the Wedlocke date with Forrest triumphes and Countrie reuell. Pan delighteth the hole companie with his pleasaunt triples, there wanted no pleasure that might be thought on, euery Nymphe had her Louer, euery Shepherde his freude, the daunsing continued till bed tyme, and the Bride once brought to her Chamber, with her wedded Housebande laied by her side, the hole companie departed, and for the good fortune of our Hermite, Aglara that tyme entertained hym, passing the night with pleasaunt discourse.

Simonides the next daie beyng wearie of the Desert, courteously tooke his leaue of Tireno, and gently gaue Daphne, Aglara, with the other faire Damoselles a freendly farewell; and beyng directed by a hyred Shepheard, he trauailed on his waie towardes Genoua long thei Iorneied with wearysome pace, till at the last thei came to continuall beaten waie, where Simonides discharged his guide, with many commendations to the amorous couple: he trauailed then by hym self so long, that the Steeples and sumptuous buildynges of Genoua appeared to his sight, and to his greate pleasure.

In tyme he attained to the Citie gates, into the whiche he was no sooner entered, but with greate admiration he began to consider of the brauerie of the buildynges, and seyng he

might behold a great troupe of gallant Gentlemen, amongst the which, one aged father of graue aspect bare the chiefe place. Simonides willing to question of the cause, in friendly maner requested one of the retinewe, whither that gallant assembly were derecting their course, seeing (by the seruaunt) the noblemen are going towardes the Market place, to sit in Iudgement vpon criminall causes: Simonides gently requited his relation, and paced foote by foote with the troupe, till their came to the place of Iustice, where eche taking place according to his degree, after silence commaunded by the Officers, our Hermite hard the graue and auncient Segnior discourse thus.

Noble Senatours and Gentlemen of Genoua, we are assembled here to decide contemptious matters that touche our state, and to correct suche vices as are interteined in our communalties: for mens natures must be ydeled, to the whithe they are moste inclined, and a Prince must seeke to expell that errour, to the whiche he findeth his people most addicted: therefore our fathers & auncient Rulers of publique estate haue thought it necessarie, that hase pleasures that youth were addicted too, should be soonest anticipated. Poetrie was banished bothe Rome and Athens, because it was lasciuious: Fencers likewise bothe Rome and Athens, because they were quarrellous: Exercise out of Rome and Athens, because it was riotous. Our state and the glorie of this Citie, standeth vppon the graue iudgement of fathers, the due obedience of Subiects, and the expert valour of the Souldiour, now if it should so fall out, that either disorder should be in the Prince, or lasciuious life in the subiect, or lasciuious demeanure in the Souldiour, the gouernement of our purposes would faile, our Commons would growe stubborne, our Souldiours effeminate: we are to haue eyes, to marke and to punishe, we are to esteeme by deserte, and to recompe of wealth but as a minister to paie for Warre. Now if the state fall, how great hazarde is the state in, it maie seeme straunge to you noble Gentlemen, that at this tyme I discourse largely: but for that neeessitie and zeale maketh me long, loth that any good precept should be neglected, I doubt not but you

will

will heare me willyngly, and further an honeſt cauſe in the behalfe of our Citie. We haue made lawes priuatly touchyng our owne ſtate, and for publique practiſe and common plea, we accuſtome Iuſtinian, our owne orders bee broken by our ſelues, no maruaile then tho ſimple and meane men runne amiſſe: We puniſhe in other, and let it ſlippe in our ſelues, for our lawes thei are diſorderly handled, whiche depending vpon the diſcretion of the Iudge, the daie paſſeth with hym that proffereth moſte money and bringeth leaſt honeſtie.

Truely theſe daies are perilous, our Nation in to muche warre are to cre well, in continued peace to effiminate: in proſperitie proude, in aduerſitie deſperate. Thus our whole ſtate runnes vpon extreamitie, and who now is moſte wiſe, but he that can beſt flatter, and who deſerues ſo greate a praiſe, as he that is moſt prodigall.

I maruaile that in ſeekyng for gaine in forraine Countries, we borowe not our Neighbours contenencie with their ſoyne. O vnhappie Genoua, when our Gentlemen from the ſtudie of ſcienees, giue them ſelues to imagine newe cuttyng fites, to aduaunte their follies in the eye of the worlde: when our women loue gaddyng, our olde men maddyng, our young men laſciuiouſneſſe, our Soldiours niceneſſe. But how maie this wickednelle bee wrong out, truely no otherwiſe then by reformyng the men of moſt neceſſitie, for that our neede ſhall be to vſe them more ſooner then we thinke or looke for: withſtande creations, for they growe ſodainely: Princes hartes chaunge: Warre dependeth on the deſire of gaine or worldly honour, and how ſodaine motions are theſe in our myndes, as the daies be now.

Truely wee haue lawes, and ſince I am by your election deputed worthie to diſpoſe them, I meane by the helpe of the almightie to roote out an euill, whiche (I thinke) if it ſhould growe long, will deſtroye our millitarie profeſſion. The laſt daie as I paſſed the Streate, I mett one Signior Andruchio, Captaine of our Caſtle Sainct Angello, brauely beſet vpō a horſe of force, in ſteede of Armour of purple meete for a Soldiour, he was aparrelled in Crimſin Ueluet, imbrodered with

Pearle and Stone, in steede of a Launce, he bare in his hande a Fanne of Feathers, in place of a steare and warlike countenaunce, he seemed in my sight a transformed puppet, his heire friseled like a Curtisans bushe.

Alas, I am sorie to make you minde to the antique fashion of our foolishe, and effeminate captaine. Certainlie, I beheld his straunge demeanure with greate admiration, and beyng pricked in conscience, by reason of my charge, to use some remedie for suche euilles, I thought it moste conuenient, to roote this out first, for that I sawe it moste pernicious: whervpon I caused in my name, our feminine warriour to bee arested, and committed to prison, till my farther pleasure were knowne.

Loe, here the cause of our assemblie (noble gentilmen) to determine of our Captaines leudnesse: That seeyng him beeyng a gouernour in our Prouince, perpetratyng thinges contrarie to our Lawe, he maie bee punished to the example of the retinewe he gouerneth, and the other Mercinarie Souldiors, whiche our Citie hath now in paie. There resteth now vpon your alowaunce, that the partie bee sent for, and till wee heare his reasons, wee maie suspende our iudgement.

The whole Senatours highlie commended, this graue gouernours aduise, wherupon, by publique consent, our Captaine was sent for, who in the verie same order, as is before mentioned, presented him self, with bolde, yet due reuerence, before the Magestrates and State: to whom in breef wordes, the Iudge and Viceroy saied thus.

Signior Andruchio, you are called before this reuerent assemblie, to aunswere to a Lawe, whiche you disorderlie haue broken, and by our authoritie hetherto, you haue been imprisoned, and iustlie detained. We commiten you as you knowe, for your lasciue attire, and your vnsemelie demeanure, whiche by our penall Lawe, is losse of your office, and banishment out of our confines. Now, for that your errour is euidente, before we passe to Iudgement, haue thought good to heare what you can aleadge for your self, if any reasonable excuse bee readie in memorie, or reason to perswade vs to mitigate the as-

speritie

perticle of our Lawe, let vs dyne fyrſt and quickly heare it. The Captaine aunſwered thus.

Reuerende Fathers and renowmed gentilmen, the daie long loked for to Andruchio, is now ſodainly becōme, wherin I hope not a little reioyce, that I am to open my minde before a noble ſocietie of diſcrete hearers, who will imagine of a Souldiers blunt tale, as the equitie of the ſence lieth: And not by the miſtearmed errours, whiche bee ſubiect to ignorāunce menne. I am here to make aunſwere to a breache of Lawe, I knowe no waie but confeſſion. But ſince the ende muſte make euident proofe of all, lette vs conſider (worthie Fathers) why Andruchio, was ſo foolithe. My whole birthe, bringing vp and trade of life, hath bren to lie hard, to fare grofflie, to ſcape little, to venture muche and hardlie can it be thought that a man of my trainyng vp, ſhould become an Epicure in diet, a Maſker in apparell, and a demie harlot in deuiſes. Your ſelues noble Citezens haue tried my faithfulneſſe, how willyng I haue bentured on ſmoothes poince for the noble eſtates of Genoua: How many exploites I performed againſt Soliman, with my retinue of Almaines, Andrachio before tyme hath been a warriour for your weale, and now ſtraineth not to breake a Lawe for your profite. You ſee here the coate of an effeminate courtier, but yet the courage of a ſeruiſable Souldiour, theſe Roabes ſhould perſwade you that I loue peace, but this armie ſhal make you priue that I dread no angrie warre. Your abuſes gallaunt gentilmen bee many, who emongeſt all thinges that are profitable, forgette one thyng whiche is your awne ſafegard: Sixe yeres and more haue I enioyed reſte: the laſte Venetian warres, you had in paie 2000. Souldiours, who beeyng returned home, hurte, maimed, and lame: what prouiſion haue you imploied for them, the moſte parte the Gallowes hath eaten them vp, and our olde and trained Souldiours, whoſe bloud hath ſcarletted the ſalte ſea to your glorie, are now faine to feede the carrion Crowes with their mangeled carcaſes: Neceſſitie bites ſore in a Souldiours harte, and hunger makes hym venture his necke verſe: Of ſo many men onely theſe are leſte a feawe, who are diſguiſed from menne to brute

beaſt,

heales: but alas the while, I am sorie Genoua is the nourisher of abuse. These men in suche like roabes as I vse, haunte the Stewes, feede womens fancies, and scrape vp a wicked liuyng, by practisyng an abhominable life. The Fisike and touchebore are transformed into a Flie flappe, or Courtisans Fane, their Cruer, into a curled Poule. Where their Lasire should be in the resle (the waie to winne them honour) thei vse other seruile Instrumentes, to the woundyng of the soule, and corruptyng of the bodie.

I haue seen these abuses, and in grouyng of my soule lamented them, in these priuate men of warre, I saw no amendement, for thei were not punished.

Wherupon I deuised with my self, to procure a quicke remedie, though to myne owne detrement: These roabes were put on for ỳ cause noble Senatours, these trashe couer a Soldiours backe to this purpose, that your state consistyng as yet in an honourable tranquilitie, you maie prouide still for the maintenaunce of the same. Reforme your Souldiours, and giue them paie out of your Treasurie, 100000. Crownes a yere, will saue many valiant mennes liues, and keepe in practise your warlike youth, let not want make them run to wretchednesse, who when warre shall compasse vs, will stande a Senator in better steade then a thousande of his Crownes. I meruaile that in this state we onely prouide for priuate pence, and practise not to vnderstande the demeanure of our enuious neighbours, who bothe match vs in wealth, and exceade vs in policie, fortifyng them selues with Bulwarkes an munition, with men and prouision, perhapes not so much for their owne priuate defence, as for the enioiyng of others labours. Thei ouerslippe no daie but their Souldiors are trained, their horsemen exercised: But we little consideryng of thinges to come, let our Souldiors rume at randon, in follie and mis behauior.

If sodainly a storme of trouble should growe, either emōg our selues, or by forraine quarell (whiche God forbid) I would faine vnderstande how many trained Souldiors, and men of proofe, our Citie were able to set forthe. Those of experience are now effeminate, and for want of exercise, wholie vnfit for

seruice,

seruice: It maie bee that vpon a sodaine Allarme, wee might make 30000. fighting men, but alas where insurrection falleth all runnes to ruine: The Souldiebuchiere is not the beste man in battaile, he hath no feare for Cannon shot: Alas it greeueth me to open this eye sore to the hole State: I durst not in reason to see the securitie of this Citie, and I must call on you (reuerende fathers) speedily to prouide aduertise: For me, I must yeelde you hartie and dutifull thankes, in that it hath pleased you so bestowe on me for my seruice, the Captainship of S. Angelo, and as willyngly I rendevit into your handes, as you gratiously bestowed it on me: And for the rest of my retinewe, there, I dare boldly promise you, that I haue trained them well, and that are be valurous enough.

I haue here set downe (worthie Iudge and noble Gentlemen) the whole cause of my breache of lawe, and the willyng myndе I haue your hole State should be reformed, the penaltie that shall passe, by reason of my contempt, I esteeme it little, since it is to profite manie. No Coumerie is vnfortunate to a Souldiour, what I gaine by beyng here, I shall not want by myne industrie in other places. And thus graue fathers, I haue opened to you my myndе, and staie for your rightfull and orderly iudgement.

The hole assemblie, wonderfully accompted of Andruchio his tale, and praised greatly his zeale towards his Countrie, whereupon consultation being had amongst the Elders, briefly he was answered in this sorte.

We haue considered (Andruchio) of thy reasons, and finde in them euident tokens of the zeale thou beares to our State: we are loth to breake lawes, and willyng to doe thee good, we equally consider of thy contempt and thy good meanyng, and as the one deserueth punishment, so the other is to be rewarded with honour. Whereupon, take this in briefe as our determinat opinion, first we here discharge thee of imprisonment, and will the continewaunce of thy Captaineshipe, and for the more approued zeale wes beare vnto thee, our hole State hath bestowed on thee in enlargment of paie, one thousande Duccats. A breache of a petie lawe, maie well be payed with-

all, since it is to maintaine a true and loyall Subiect. Howeuer, we imagine it nereſſarie, that since thy prouident eye eſpied the errours in our ſtate, thou thy ſelf maieſt be put in authoritie, to take order for the inequitie: the next Court day (by publique conſent) thou ſhalt receiue inſtruction, till then, wee diſcharge thee to thy priuate affaires, wiſhyng thee to continewe thy good neyghbourhood, and thou ſhalt not want increaſe of thy good name and credite.

This ſaied, the hole aſſembly gaue hym thankes, and ſo the Court brake vp, and eche returned to his lodgyng: Andruchio with Simonides, and a fewe more, were left in the Market place, where the gentlemē gratifiyng the Captaines good lucke, left hym alone, whiche Simonides eſpiyng beyng but a ſtraunger, he haſted vnto hym, and courteouſly demaunded his freendſhip, where the beſt entertainement for a ſtraunger might be had.

Andruchio, full of humanitie, anſwered hym thus.

Religious Hermite, your entertainement ſhall not bee otherwiſe but with myne owne ſelfe, bothe for that you are a ſtraunger, and one of religious deuotion, whiche are bothe acceptable to me.

I praie you therefore, accompanie me to my lodgyng, and what ſimple cheare you finde there, accept of it, for that you ſhall haue it willyngly.

Simonides yeelded hym thankes, and bothe together paſt to Andruchio his Inne, where ſettled in a faire Parler, they ſet them downe to ſupper, in their Table talke, they diſcourſed of that whiche had paſt before.

After ſupper tyme, Andruchio deſirous to knowe the Hermites cauſe of trauell, ſpake thus.

If it be no trouble to you before bed tyme, to dryue awaie the toyſome night with ſome diſcourſe, I beſeeche you to let me vnderſtand your place of birth and cauſe of trauell, for that my naturall delight, is to harken after ſtraunge nouelties, for by particuler platformes, I gather an vniuerſall cognizaunce of good and bad.

The Hermite loth to refuſe hym any good turne, who ſo

frendly

frendly without any acquaintaunce, had so gently entertained hym: aunswered thus.

I will aunswer your expectation (noble Captaine) though to my sorrowe. The Citie I was borne in is Civill, my Parentes there honourable, my self their heier: My cause of trauell, and why I inuested my self thus, to the ouer of a Hermite, though it be a sorrie cause, yet I will make you priuie to it. A Gentlimans daughter (whose parentes are both Neighbours and freendes to my father) of exquisit beautie, who in my youth was my plaie fellowe, and at yeares of mariage, I craued her for my wife, hopyng that our acquaintaunce of so long continewaunce, would haue made her esteeme of my choyce: but alas, she refused me, and wounded me with an incredible surge of sorrow, so that in meare melancholy, I conueied my self from out myne owne Countrie in this attyre as you see, and giuen my self to trauell: Many wonders haue I seene, and paced the pathes of seuerall Countries, and onely but to see, if I could molifie the remembraunce of my Clarinda: but all in vaine, for Loue hath so surely ingrafted in my harte the roote of likyng, that I can not possible imagine, how to rid my self out of his clouches.

Andruchio smilyngly interrupted Simonides, and was it haue loue (amorous Hermite) that made you dispossesse your good fortune: truely a heauie case, when your Parentes should sorrow, your lande should be left destitute of an heire, and your body should be worne out with trauell, and all for loue sir reuerence, a foolishe desire whiche inioyed for a while, bringeth repentaunce at last: Conquer your corrupt nature (gentleman) giue it not full scope of folly, tho your yeres are giuen to pleasure, yet subdue them, the greatest conquest is to maister your owne will: folly it is (in my conceipt) to be rauished in beholdyng of a earthly Image, whiche though in outwarde shewe is moste glorious, yet in inwarde proofe is the distruction of our fortunate and blessed estate.

I my self (Segnior) haue had a desire, and I houe loued intirely, I haue been sicke in folly, and haue worne a Cerchiel for a Curtisan, my crownes haue been lauishe to trim vp her

wiſhered bodie, my ſworde was at commaunde to incounter her enemies, I haue not failed to fulfill all ſeruill duties: ſhe rewarded me with kiſſes, ſometymes with bed pleaſures, and ſo finely fostered me vp in my folly, that if ſhe wept I was paſſionat, if ſhe laught I was gamesome: She promiſed me none ſhould inioye but I, but I proued the contrarie, ſhe admitted more freendes. The nature of loue is this, to diſſemble his corruption vnder the cloke of continency, and to make ſhew of vertue, where there abideth naught but vyce.

Long tyme I abode in this errour, till happely an honeſt fellowe Sauldiour and freende of myne, with ſundrie exhortations began to pull me backe, and truely at laſt, ouercame my luſt with learned admonitions, perſwadyng mee that I hardly could be venturous in the fielde, that was amorous in the Citie.

Whereupon he wrote me certaine verſes, whiche I will ſhewe you, I praie God thei maie doe you as much pleaſure, as thei procured me praiſe.

Thus reachyng to a Taſſet that ſtode in his Chamber, he brought me certaine liues, whiche were written to this effecte.

And canſt thou conquer crewell foes, and ſet their fortes on fire
Who in thy bed art bounde a ſlaue, vnto thy fonde deſire:
Canſt thou endure a hungrie meale, and vſe accuſtomede toile,
Who pines at home for laſie Loue, within thy native ſoile.
It can not bee for Cupids bowe, is of too feeble might,
To wounde or hurt the manly mynde, his arrowes are to light:
He damneth none but ſimple ſortes, who lulde in Ladies lappes,
Doe deeme thei liue in greateſt bliſſe, that plaie with womens paps.
But he that ſawe a Louers left, and marke hym in his vaine,
When he is courtyng miſtres mince, what paſſions he can faine:
Might laugh his fill to ſee a foole, ſo finely plaie his game,
When woodcocke once beginnes to woe, he faines his fittes by ame
Sometymes a looke will cauſe hym liue, a loute will make hym die,
Thus tymes and howers doe ſerue his fence, and yet no reaſon why
Sometymes againe with mournefull muſe, thei take a pen in hande
Thei curſe the godes, thei bā the Fates, which doeth their loue withſtād
Thei praiſe, thei paint, thei feare, thei hope, & eury light deſire
Doeth breede a flame thus doe thei liue, and dye in fancies fire.
Sometymes a gallant ſute to pleaſe, a womans pacifie eye,
Sometymes a blacke atire to note, a Louers miſerie.

Thus

Thus ſence, thus life, thus goodes, thus tire, are toiling vp & doune,
Whilſt he that loues doeth liue a foole, that might haue gainde re-
O ſences numde, o lothe ſome life, to vile and baſe degree, [nowne:
Who ſeekes to ſerue a flying dame, that will but ſcorne at thee.
Loue whence art thou the ſonne of Luſt, whom Poetes Venus call,
To whom a womans ſhape thei gaue, for that her power is ſmall:
And though her Cupid long hath liude, and ſeen manie yeres,
Yet is he counted but a boye, and ſo for euer ſhalbe he peares.
Hym Poetes fame a Flaxen head, which is both old and yong,
An Iuorie necke with Bowe and ſhaftes, that hang his backe along:
His eyes bemuffde with blinded hoode, that ſhewes he can not ſee,
Whiche openſit to a wiſe mans ſence, ſo ſtrange the ſame muſt it bee.
His Flaxen head a yong deſire, and yet an aged maſe,
His youthly yeres declares our fleſhe, as fooliſhe as it was:
His Iuorie necke a faire proſpecte, that vadyng beautie ſhowes,
Whiche though to ſommer is a flowre, yet Winter ouerthrowes:
His Bow and ſhafts are lookes & ſhewes, which if thei ſetled weare,
Lord loue would quickly be a ſlaue, who now doeth enſigne beare
And as his Fatcia heades his lookes, ſo are our lookes blinde,
We count our choyce though nothing ſo, the floure of womankinde
O pearſyng ſight why art thou dimde, by peeping on the Sunne,
Why wilt thou binde thy lookes to Loue, that many hath vndoen:
O hart why doeſt thou yeeld to brooke, the hot and balefull blood
Whence comes this flame by which our fame & honor is withſtood
When courage, value, vertue, forſe, and all are made to ſtaie,
But for a fooliſhe womans wordes, vpon her yea and naie,
Loe here the ſtate of louyng mindes, vnfit for fight or feeld, [feele
Since boothe their liuelyes and ſence be ſhedde, how can thei chooſe but
For where the vitall ſprites doe want, how can the body faire.
I will performe when natiue power, is growne into decaie,
How maie it bee that when the launce, is fixed in the reſte,
And foe in ſight that he can fight, that beares a wounded breſt.
The exile is this the valiaunt mynde, diſdaineth Carpet Loue,
For vadyng joyes to valiaunt hartes, doe ſerue to no behoue:
If therefore thou deſireſt fame, to enter in the feeld,
Flie Venus lore whiche middle thy ſight, will force thee for to yeeld

Simonides hauyng ouer read theſe lines, and conſidered of the veritie thei conteined, began ſomwhat to growne in a muſe, whiche Andronico perceiuing, briefly ſalewed his gueſt thus: Nay my deuoute and amorous gentleman, what thinke you of my Marciall Poete, hath he not painted out Loue in his colours, are you not perſuaded he ſpeaketh true? Doeſt not you ſee how forceable his reaſons are? Then betake your ſelf to your vaine Loue, to honour vertue, and accompting of the ſtate and nobilitie that the powers haue called you to, returne home

and comfort your parentes, manifestly tormented in your absence, and if Clarinda your Sisters late mariage, there bee false Ladies in Cipell, and vnworthies of your louyng. Let my perswasions worke in you, that whilste my freendes good counsaill brought to passe in me. But for that it is bedde tyme, I will referre the hearyng of your answere till to morrowe, at whiche tyme if you please, wee will further discourse our purpose. Simonides with a troubled head, was conueighed to his lodgyng, where laiyng hym self downe to reste, dealyng still of the speeches that had passe, many tymes ouer readyng the verses, and with as many commendations praised the writer, till sodainly a solemne remembrance of his Sisters, marred his whole determination, his minde daungerouslie, sometymes moued this waie, sometymes had recourse that waie, at this howre he would returne home, at that present, he sware to continue a trauailer, once he would continue Religious in the Franciscans at Genoua, an other tyme he remembred the impossibilitie, in that he had taken on hym an other order, his minde wandered now this waie, now that waie: sleape could take no holde, his senses were so occupied, his flesshe perswaded hym to bee still amorous, the Spirite instructed hym, that the delightes of the flesshe were vitious.

Sundrie thoughtes ouerburdened his fantasie, till the euaporation of the stomacke had procured the senses to silent rest. Luna (the Ladie of the wilemans thoughtes) beheld all this, and amazons Venus (the waiting maide of the night Spirits) laughed not a little, and eyghe hir wyes imagination reuiued a twelue monethes melancholy: For no sooner did the Sunne appeare in the East, but the beames were bent on the face of our sleepie Simonides, who wakened in a sodaine began to renewe his ordinarie passion, which wrong hym so, that so soone as he was atyred, and that he had giuen hymselfe thankes, and taken leaue of the courteous Andronicke, but that he departed (with a troublesome soule and a disquiete mynde) towardes Rome, beyng determyned to tarrie hir willedome, where there is greatest infection of abominations, three Leagues had he trauelled, yet neuer a steppe without a teare, at the last he ari-

ued

ney at a faire and pleasaunt Cottage, in the whiche inhabited a graue and sage olde father, into whose house when he had entered, he founde all thynges neate and seemely, and passyng through into an Orchard, he sawe our olde Father dressyng his Trees, who amased at the first with his sodaine comming, yet reioyced with the sight of his Habite, whiche bare shewe of staidnesse, bad hym welcome, and leauyng his labour betooke hym self to entertaine his guest, who with greate humilitie and modestie, answered and replied in eche cause, such daynties as he had the olde man gaue him: suche pleasures as were to be got in the Countrie he imparted to hym, and when their stomackes were full, thei began to Parle.

Simonides tolde hym of his Countrie, of his Loue, and the rest you knowe how foolishe.

The olde man made hym priuie to his name, whiche was Thomerchus, his Countrie, which was Genoua, his miserie, losse by Sea, and with teares bewailyng the misshappe of our Pilgrime, admonished hym in fewe woordes thus.

I see to my great greefe (Gentleman and amorous Spaniard) that Nature hath doen to muche for you, sure you so wilfully abuse her: And not without sorowe I complaine me, to see a religious Habite to couer an vngodly purpose: Haue you left your Countrie for loue? doe you goe about to bring your fathers graie heares with sorowe to his graue though your folly? will you onely be an open laughing stocke for Fortune to gibe at? O yong man, why runne your eyes awrye? or wherefore were you wanton in diet, to make you so distious in your dealinges, your pampered flesshe should haue been subdued with penitencie: these eyes should haue beheld no earthly pleasures, but heauenly and diuine essence, an indestructable power, vnsercheable, still prouident: Your feete should not haue followed errour, neither should your life haue liued dishonestie for a Loadestone, if you haue reason, will you be brutishe? if chastitie be diuine, will you followe filthie lust?

Small comforte is where muche trouble abideth: I marualle in women what perfection should moue vs, what beliefe should intice vs. The greatest is an inconstant lieyng, whiche

quickly

quickly turneth to an after loathyng: For increase females are good, but for decrease none so ill: as you ouer them so they follow you, if you contreatie them thei bee impatient, if you praise them thei are proude, if you please them thei are wanton, if you seeke them thei scorne you, if you flye them thei follow you, if you reade them you are happie.

Their eyes are ministers of muche mischeef, the reflections of whiche, makes our Syrying tyme, coine to[o] later, who talketh of his breathyng is Beotime, who delighteth in their brauyng, will grow a beggar.

Now consider of this (good gentilman) and take an olde mannes counsaill to your youge witte, Let not your will rule you, leaft you ruinne awrie, abuse not this coate, nor make not your habite the shroude of an ill soule.

Refuse the worlde, for it is daungerous, and remember your profession, for it is vertuous, you are by your order to co[n]temne this pilgrimage, in that you looke for a newe Jerusalem. You shall founte of this worlde, as the beautie of a Summers Sunne, now rising, straight setteyng: you ought to be denoice, and contrarie, not religious and beastly. O abuse not a good name, mangle not vertue, remember your self, and forget not your soule, leete your bodie bee as coole, as your coate is comely, followe vertue, and she will finde you, seeke art and she will nourishe you, vse patience and it will arme you, flye vice for it will harme you.

But woe I complaine this errour onely in you, no, no, I lament it in the circuet of this whole Chaos, where I finde to my harties greef, all coursed vpside downe, the Souldior to slauerie, the Lawman to corruption, the Merchaunt to couetousnesse, the weake man to craftinesse, the Deuine to Hypocrisie: briefly bee Philosorted, not Philosophers. Our hospitalitie is growne to high boules, our deuotions to Machiuelles policies, and were not their Magistrate vertuous, the Estate would bee ruinus.

Here will lamente follies vnder couert tearmes, and will ouer skalle many thynges, for that the inuentor is giuen to see too muche, and happily ye that winketh with one eye, make

see

see twoo errours. But I will tourne to you gentilmen, and in your title I will open my minde. I haue been riche, of great possession. Industrious, not altogether without vertue. I haue marked seasons, I haue vewed opportunities, when I was a woorldyng, I desired the increase of my too muche, I now contemne the woorlde, and accompte my pouertie, a happie prosperitie. While I florished I founde faire woordes, many mouth freendes, fine fauners, cumpng flatterers. The Sea had no sooner swallowed vp my redde pearth, but freendship, pleasure, and companie forsooke me, and beeyng in wealthe compassed with Millions of freendes. In my want, I scarce founde one that would affoorde me a good woorde.

The state of the woorlde is as I tell you, and if it failed me in this, it will not alwaies flatter you in loue. And now (as you see) I am here at rest, I take little care, my pleasure is muche, my recreation farre better then Citie Musicke, my repaste is dressed without vigilante care, I prepare myne owne prouision, and to conclude, if my fruite growe well, I am the more merier. I liue here, and laugh at the woorlde, that laugheth on me, and since I haue not long to staie, I prepare my self towardes my iourney, I vse continencie to subdue my bodie, and praier to make readie my soule: I leaue the thinges that make woorldly, and followe vertue whiche is heauenly.

This armour if you would put on you, your Loue would not bee fixed on a woman, but fastened to contemplation. In soothe I see not what one pleasure should discorder thee thus: the commoditie thou seekest for is gotte with care, and kepte without quiet: And when thou art in possession, thou wishest a newe chaunge, thou rouest blindfolde at a wrong marke. The glisterynge gleme, is not pure golde, it shall perishe Pilgrim, it shall perishe: While thou then bee passionate, for thinges that are not permanent? Wart thou wrong for Loue, diddest thou trauell for Loue, & thou denied Loue, & yet wilt thou neede Loue? If thou be reasonable, helpe thy self, if thou be humble, leaue thy habite, incline thine eare to wisedome, which though it bee better in digestion, yet it is cordiall to the receiuer: Let to bee foolishe, leaue to bee amorous, and striue to bee vertu-

ons, loue contemplation, forsake misdemeanoure, and since thou hast seen muche, practise a little longer this errour, least you encounter with more, if you master not this euill, it will ensue all incredible miserie, as the nature of the Crocodill, is to delight in weeping, so the condition of Loue is to corrupt the Soule. The Salamander delighteth in the fire, in which bathing her limmes, receiueth recreation. A wise man finding his owne errour, incident to his corrupte nature, will mitigate the humours, and restore reason to his due course. The Ichneumon of Egypte, armeth her self at all pointes against the sodain assaultes of the Aspis her enemie: A prouident soule will euery waie endeuour to withstande all hinderances, the teares of the Boye are sweete, the teares of the hart are bitter, the perswasions of vice, pleasaunt, the countermaunde of vertue corosiue, erhe errour beares a shewe, euery vertue a substaunce, tymes misused, daies misspente, howers misled, all recond runnelle all to ruine. It is Iodinelle made Simonides amorous, where if industrious studie had preuailed, he had quickly lefte his follie. Let youth applie his hedde, rather to be occupied with wholsoune counsaill, then with homely conditions, with godlie meditations, then gracelesse actions.

A fabulous pleasure is Loue, a bitter sweete, a poysoned humour, a contumelious comforte, a deuilishe intent. Leander swimmes the Seas and sinkes for Horoe, Medea mangles her Infant, and all for Iason, Hercules was poysoned by Neseus, O wicked Minister Dianara: But these be fabulous, will you knowe religious examples, looke on Samson and curse Dalida, bewaile Dauid & mislike Barsaboue, Adam fell thanke Eue, if Troy destroyed curse Menelaus harlot, if Troylus died woe to Cressida: the daie would soone faile me, then examples should not fit me, but I imagine to a wise man that this is sufficient. Apply your mynde therefore (good Pilgrime) to some other profession, and leaue vnprofitable studies, deuine not fruitlesse occasions, shonne folly, and dissolue your selfe out of the coller of this incumberaunce, more easie is it for a wise man, and more praise worthy to conquer flesh, then to compasse hidden secretes: Any impossible is

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is to be learned, where loue ruleth our affections: for the very badge of loue is idlenesse, the best rule, corrupt delightes, the final end repentaunce, a right hauie to folowe a vyce. Let this three fote suffice thee Pernice, that I poudred manye thee that loue is foolishe, and lett my perswasions incumbre thus muche, that thou maiest become from a louer of corruption, to be a folower of vertue.

There is no errour more pernicious, then that whiche appeareth in the habite of vertue, no wickednesse more to be eschewed, then that whiche beareth a shewe of holinesse: though thy youth perswade thee, that all thynges shall fall out happily, and thy loue shall be a comforter to thy bodie, and a contentment to the minde, yet believe me (Philoxene) which acknowledgeth the iudgement of youth to be self will, and that bothe the marowe and the bone, are perished by carnall delightes.

Easely maiest thou bee aquited of this incombraunce, if thou beare a willyng mynde to the performaunce of the behest of reason.

Demestines accounted loue repentaunce, O filthy pleasure that is so flitting: Petrarche, a thyng that is honoured under the shape of a blindfolde shoter: Dydymus gouernour for reasonable men. Counsaile (my yong trauelier) must coole your heate, you shall then finde the vehement nuisesaying of vice. I will trouble you no more, I haue spoken this to perswade you, now for my self, I am determined to returne to my worke, you maie if you please goe and looke on.

Simonides takyng hym by the hand saied thus: my graue father and good counsailer staie a little while, and it were but a receiued condigne thankes for your courtesie, I would folowe your aduise, but I cannot, I confesse all thynges you haue spoken to bee most certaine, but woe is me I feel them slipp, by reason of a sodaine remembraunce of my louers Philoxenis: Wherefore I most humbly thanke you for my good cheare, and the great courtesie you haue shewed me, desiring you so much to staude my frende, as to set me the right waie towardes Rome, and to tell me if any companie haue past thetherwarde before.

The olde Gentleman answered him thus, amorous Pilgrime I sorie thou art so sonde, yet glad that my simple byet pleaseth thee. I sawe a trauelling Pilgrime but euen before thy comming passe that waie, if you hye you quickly you shall soone ouer take hym. The nerest waie is this hye waie, which if you keepe you can not misse, and thus hauing shewed you what courtesie I can, I will goe and occupie my self about my accustomed affaires.

Thus they and leaue quickly past betweene them, the one is gone to his worke, and our Simonides with many imaginations, passed on his waies the more speedily to ouertake a companion, he had not trauelled many Leagues, but he ouertooke the Pilgrime that our olde Segnior had solde hym of, whom he gently saluted, and demaunded the place to whiche he had appointed his Iorney: the other gently answered, it was to Rome: and thether goe I (q Simonides) and would be glad of your companie: and I of yours answered the other: Thus bothe were quickly agreed, and on thei talked with as muche speede as thei might. Simonides in his melancholy dumpes, the other with delightfull appearaunce, and many pleasaunt noates, two mates of vnequall disposition.

Long thei trauelled ere the one gaue any greate eye to the other, at the last, the yong fellowe Pilgrime perceiued the teares to fall from the eyes of Simonides, whereupon he gently demaunded the cause of his sorrow, to whom Simonides answered thus. Truely (courteous frende) I am ashamed to open the truthe, but reason is, I should not dissemble with a courteous demaunder: It is Loue that maketh me lament, that moueth me to melancholy, and inforceth me to bee solitarie: the remembraunce of Clarinda my Mistris in Ciuill, hath driuen me from my Countrie, made me abandon my frendes, and forsake all pleasures, and now that I am growne to contemplat on her beautie, whose perfect nature hath subiected my senses to thraldome, I am distraict at my hard Fortune, and wishe that either I had not seen my Mistres, or that she had loued.

The other Pilgrime named Anthonio, enterrupted hym

thus

thus: Signior, are you fled for Loue, are you subiecte to suche follie, truely your Nature is farre dissidente from myne, who haue left my countrey, for that I could not Loue, but beeyng proffered a faire Ladie, exceading, bothe for beautie and riches I refused her vtterly, and to auoide the opportunitie that might followe, and the importaunte commaunde of my Father, I conueighed my selfe from Mantua, the Citie where I was borne.

Did you so (q Simonides) truely you were the more worthie blame, I thinke you infortunate, in refusyng suche an offer. And truely I holde you vnwise (saied Anthonio, in estemyng of so bad a pleasure, I can not see what fantasie should perswade me to Loue, nor what commoditie is in it sufficiente to allure man to likyng, it mangeleth the bodie, distempereth the memorie, and settes all desire of wisedome at a baie, and for my selfe, I deeme it more fitter for me to bee naturally blinde, then foolishely besotted, for the one bereueth me but the beholding of vaine delightes: the other maketh me to inforce my selfe and to wrest my Nature to myne owne wracke.

Why Anthonio, (saied Simonides) are you so vnwise to mislike of that, whiche in this worlde is the onely comforte, and greatest blisse wee maie desire, why repugne you against Nature, whiche hath made vs all for societie: the brute beastes loue their females, and should naturall men desire to bee solitarie: Truely, the eye that loatheth to beholde beautie, is vnworthie to contemplate the heauens. Appetide is naturall, and what thyng vnder the cope of heauen, is more earnestly to be sought after then beautie, whiche conceiueth no blemish, and concerneth the light of the bodie, to youthe a wedded faire freende is a pleasure, to age a comforte, to bothe cordiall. How many cares are dischardeined from a maried mannes thought, how many domesticall troubles are asswaged by the procuration of a good housewife. But leaue mariage, speake of mutuall consent, how easily digesteth the man freende his misfortune, by the good aide of the female? If counsaile faile hym, how is he holpen in the execution of any cause, wherein a womans witte can worke wonders, and for a readie shifte, who

more able, to salue matters none more meete, and to reuenge iniuries they are well armed, by Nature to procure freendship, thei can doe it orderly, to slake hatred none more speedily. If you loue them, thei are full of mercie.

Their Natures are flexible to all impressions, and readie to performe all pleasure: A faire damosell, a double benifite, a bedefreende, a daie counsailer, a night pleasure, a daie profite. How runne you therefore passe the limites of reason) Anthonio) when you forsake so greate an offer, refuse so faire a Ladie, and let slippe so greate a commoditie. You must leaue misspeakyng of so worthie a delight, and misdeemyng of so precious a treasure as beautie. Flatter not your self in your owne follies, allowe of Loue, for it is benificiall to all, and enemie to none, commodious to them that esteeme it, reconciler of those that doeth hate it. And for you (Pilgrime) caste of your habite, and returne home to receiue so blessed a benefite. But O vnfortunate I, that would enioye suche a commoditie and can not come by it.

Often haue I prated, and neuer howe pleased, diuerse tymes I haue seemed humbly, and still been shaken of dispightfully, so that worthely shal you ber punished, who seeyng my sorrowe, and will not take exemple by my mishappe, and esteeme of her, who I knowe sorroweth for you.

Well Anthonio, chaunge bothe your coate and copie, retourne home, you were better to bee married to contentment, then trauell to your farther distresse: looke backe yet in tyme, and remember your parentes, who (I am assured) you should wonderfully please, in becomyng obediente to their commaunde, and by fulfillyng the matter thei doe intimate vnto you, accept their offer, and leaue to contemne good counsaill.

Signior Anthonio, some what moued with the opinatiue discourse of parciall Simonides, answered him thus.

Good sir, when blinde men begin to iudge of coulers, wee shall haue fine peeuishyng, and when louers are so foolishe hardie, that thei will become counsailers, I am of opinion, that reason will plaie bankeroute: you haue made a large explication of Loue and Beautie, and yet in verie truthe, to a verie little

purpose, for that you take in hande to teache him, who indeede is able to instructe you, your opinion is vnnecessarie, in that it dependeth on self will, I can not allowe you for a right full Judge, sith Loue hath made you bothe blind and pareiall. Rethoricall perswasions abounde in your long exhortatorie, but where woordes pase without witte, better and more seemely were it, to close vp your conceiued errour with silence. Loue is good in your opinion, yet moste dolore in myne. Beautie more then acceptable (perhappes honourable) in your conceipte, but Loorde how loathsome in myne eye, some thynges seeme to be & are not, some other are and seeme not, & for your good in showe, I meane not to make sale of my vertue in substance: You highly growe in praise of women, but how muche faile you, when you accompte of them for vertuous, when sith their firste creation, thei still shewed them selues to bee altogether brittell. How can you commende them for constancie? Not for that, how for witte? A straunge stratageme hath Fortune wroughe in you, that hath bleard your eye so muche with follie, and hath linkte your opinion to the worste certaintie that maie be. You praise Beautie, what more vadyng, you honour Beautie, what more corrupt: You sorrowe for Beautie, what more foolishe? I deeme it better to continue solitarie, then to liue in tempting companie, where eyes bee luers, and euery wanton Lasse a maimed Faulcon.

The worlde maie iustly laugh at you, who esteeme of the beries outcastes of Nature, preferryng them before the moste exquisite Paragons of the worlde.

Women were made, but to what ende? To keepe mans companie, but thei corrupt hym.

Women are loued, for what cause, for procreations sake, and (Loorde) how vnhappie are many of them in their children? No fruite falleth from them, but either bryngeth care, or sorrowe, care to prouide for a towarde childe, sorrowe to preuente the practises of a wicked sonne.

But because I haue touched the small commoditie that groweth by the mutuall comfort of man and woman, you maie bee cautious, and conclude that I deuise multiplication in the

worlde,

worlde, whereby the vniuersitie of mankinde should be anichilated: but suche purposes be farre from my thought, and could wishe this, that men would so vse their women, as the Amasons did their husbandes, at two seuerall tymes in the yeare to further nature, for the rest, to leaue them to honest and vertuous occupation, by that meanes it would come to passe that their superioritie would cease, man should bee man in deede, and women should be no more the woe of man.

Truely amorous Simonides (for now must I somewhat discourse with you) you are blinde if you see not the abuses in Loue, and the follies of Louers.

How many nightes watchyng, how many daies weeping, how many howers sewyng, and yet how little profiting, how lauase profusnesse in apparrell, and in the ende how little estimation for seruice.

Be it, you inioye the thyng you shoote at (your faire Mistris) what gaine you if she bee fruitfull, store of care, if barraine, lost labour, to conclude, you spende both your pence and your perfection.

In Loue, your flyng Aungelles must fleete abroade, to fetche newe fascions from Venetian Curtisans, to please your deny honest Mistris: who if she mislike, will loure, and if you be somewhat moued with her madnesse, and beginne to flye out, she will with a fained teare quickly fetch the foole in: then confesse you to her you haue doen amisse, when in deede she hath moste abused you, then beseeche you her, who should bee suppliaunt to you, and serue that Sainct on your knees, that honoureth the Deuill in her harte. Thus in foolishe loue (good Lorde) how many vices, after fallyng out truce, after truce some trouble, now a braule, straight abuse. And are thei not fooles that are besotted with this errour: before God I am ashamed, that where your Countrie affordeth you so many spectacles of this folly, you are yet still enemie to your owne discretion.

Did euer the worlde beholde a more prelident of folly, then in Don Diego, who for a scornefull regarde of Genebra his compeare, forsooke the state of a Knight, whiche he had wor-

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thely achiued before the Emperour, left his widowe mother; and with a base mynde, so muche beforded with an iniurious Ladie, he became a sorrowfull and solitarie Hermite in the Pereneyan Mountaines, and where as the worlde knew most certainly the light estimation of his fleetyng Mistris, yet had not Rodrigo ruled by threatnyng, more then persuasion, the inestimable crueltie of Geneuera, foolish Don Deigo had perished.

Truely truely tis a mad worlde, and more then miserable; when yong men, who (in truth) should imploie their dates in achiuyng honour, will tende their indeuours to be effiminat. If men would not sewe to beautie, beautie would seeke to them: but when we giue an vnruly Colt the raines, he will runne hedlong, and so he maie hurt his Ryder, he esteemeth not the spending of his owne flesche: I could neuer yet finde in any age, that beautie was continuable, the folly therefore is not pardonable, in them which delight in such transitorie pleasures.

I would haue Gentlemen vse their eyes in viewyng beautie as Diogines did his Tubbe to take the Sunne, to traine them as the gleme leadeth, and if Alexander (I meane folly) bereaue the heate (I meane reason) let them refuse her offers, and content them selues with sight and be not besotted. If you that heare this (Simonides) would now conceiue, if you myndes not to carie an obstinat eare, this were sufficient to perswade you, and make you forsake Loue.

Simonides not able to disgest this inuective of Anthonio, in these tearmes interrupted hym thus.

I must not suffer your high reprochfull tauntes, couched vnder so odious vniuersalities so to slippe, neither maie a reasonable man (conseryng your vnreasonable discourse) beare with you in your madnesse: You dispraise Loue, and taunt freendes vnited with that inuiolat leauge foolishe: But how vnwisely you minister this reporte, let the worlde iudge: first in fabulous and Ethnick Philosophers, we finde Loue bothe honourable, and inuested with high tytle, so that the Goddes them selues of fained fourtunes, and fained authoritie, were faine

ble subiect to the Shaft of Cupid, and a sure Maior and Minor maie be made to frame an apt conclusion in this, that the onely fruite (whiche you count vnfortunate) is procreation, whiche indoubtedly is necessarie, & therefore profitable. Next, a vnityng and coupling two soules in one substaunce, making them equally passiue and actiue in Nature, whiche how noble a vertue it is, I referre to the deciding of Schoolemen.

To proue Loue to be heauenly, what greater reason then that it is not sublunare, but hath his Sphearе within fewe degrees of Iupiter. And this is confirmable by the hole catalogue of Astronomers.

If Loue then be heauenly, will you accompt Louers sensible, are thei not perfected (thinke you) in the attainement of so diuine a tytle.

My opinion (therefore Anthonio, is better then yours, who (in deede) is led by that whiche you attribute to be a folly in me, I meane self will: You scoffe at my counsailes, and refuse myne admonitions, and for that I incite you to honour glorious beautie: You gibe at my perswasions, but haue you not (thinke you) runne amisse, is not the eye of your vnderstanding blinded: yes verely, for beautie is bothe exquisit in it self, and by Nature deliuered for a most precious ornament. For where the Lillie white is poudered with pure sanguine, it is iudicially to be conceiued, that the partie so indued, is possessed of an honourable, liberall, and heroicall mynde. Now that eye whiche beholdeth this faire feature, if it haue preferred so braue a pitter to the concipt, can it be possible, but straight some impression must followe, whiche once beyng setled in our fantasie, and conceiued in our imagination, must needes procure some mutuall consent and agreement in the soule.

Tell me now if this be not the worke of Nature, whom if we followe (as Tully saieth) we shall neuer doe amisse: what though the excellencie and rarenesse of beautie bee subiect to declining, it is therefore contemtible, no certainely: the Sunne that setteth euery night, is more ruddie the next morowe, and that pure sanguine that is resident in some one Paragon, in Nature is lineally imparted to the hole howse of the possel-

sers

ter: Since (therefore) it is still manifest, I counsele continuall, and that Inperpetuum.

I thanke Fortune, for recomforting me with the delightfull remembraunce of my Mistres, she hath linkte my imagination, to the beste certaintie that maie bee, in that I am partaker of the contemplation of that whiche is heauenly, the memorie whereof in sorrowe makes vs glad: In murthe, chereth our cheares: In companie, makes vs more iocunde: In solitarie aboad, moste resolute.

If these bee the fruites of Beautie, if this Cristaline licour proceede from so precious a Fountaine, I compte hym worthie to dye for thirst, that will not drinke of this Nectar. Diana hath vnuchsafed you the sight of her sweete self. she is not so iniurious to you as to Acteon, she giueth you leaue vnder her saueconduite, to discourse thus at your pleasure, but the tyme maie come, you maie bee well inough met with all.

But maie it please you sir, why are women so highly contemned of you, wherefore is their companie odious in your sight. The reason is (I consider) that though the shape you carie, maketh shewe of a manne, yet the speeche you deliuer perswades me, you are more brute then any beaste. Women, are bothe equall in creation, and of egall vertue, of more seemelinesse, and better vsage.

Male and female created he them: and not first male and then female, examples of equall vertue.

Beholde Thomiris, the noble Amazonian Queene, how valiantly reuenged she her self, on renowmed Cirus, and how iuste a draught alowed she hym, who liuyng was a murtherous inkrocher. For seemelinesse, how much thei excell vs, lette our owne eyes bee Iudge. In their vsage, how demure, a gentill woorde requited with a Conge, an iniurious reproche, with a bashefull regarde: All thynges openly, nothyng indiscretly.

And yet these bee thei whom Anthonie contemneth, O to too wise man, whiche confoundest thy iudgement, in that thou seemest to see too muche.

These eyes of yours, should (if thei were reflective) haue

loue transpose an excelent Beautie, neither Creation were your Father, should you so muche haue mangred the honour of renowmed Ladies? Euery vertue in Loue, is a vice with you: Euery nightes watching, euery daies walking (and what not) you conclude at your owne pleasure.

But tell me you, doe not men of most wisedome, indeuor with muche trauell to attaine vertue. Doe not men of base degree, labour muche, to attaine honour? Doe not Marchauntes, toile by Sea, poste by lande, to possesse riches. And should not Louers be readie to beare the burthen of all misfortune, to the ende to achiue so roiall a reward as Beautie? what worthy mucke should holde me, or hard attempt withdrawe me, or humble prayer withholde me, but I would attaine the toppe of my desire.

If you knewe (Anthonio) the ioye, the comforte, and recreation that is conuersaunte with Beautie, you would doe penaunce, and martyre your self, for abusing so high an estate as Cupids is, had you been but priue to the authoritie of the God, or the lustre of his Mother, and knewe by proofe so well as I, how the case standeth, you would with all humilitie returne home, and kisse your Mistres feete to attaine her fauor.

Take my counsaill (Anthonio) and bee not obstinate, better were it for you to take the stripes of a freend, then the kisses of a flatterer, to attaine your lesson of a man of experience, then to giue self will to mayntayne hope.

You make reasons for your owne ease, and perswasions against your self, and indeuour to bring examples out of Spaine for your purpose, where wee finde no suche recorde. It maie be in Italie, that Don Diego was amorous and constant, it maie bee Geneuera was cruell and discourteous, and what of this, doe not practises on hym there liuing make proofe, exercise all qualities, priuie and priuiest, to the ende to trie the secret corners of his Nature, and thinke you Loue hath not the like trialles, to examine the fidelitie of his traine, he smiled furste on our Italians, againe he lowred. He lowred once on Geneuera, at laste, laughed on them bothe, where the conclusion should quite vp all their sorrowes; and that bothe were

partakers

partakers of mutuall pleasures.

Therefore, as your opinion is vaine, so bee your reasons of no value, they carrie small sence, for the vtterer is vnreasonable.

You passe further, and compte tyme loste that is spente in Loue, and I thinke Loue moste pleasaunte, that is compassed in tyme, for the harder the aduenture is in gainyng, the more pleasure is there in the atchuyng. For your comparisons, because they bee odious, I winke at them, wishyng, you had either sucked more milke, or learned more witte of your mother, for your fathers child is to fumishe.

Now at the laste you come in with a tale of a Tubbe, and that concludes I knowe not what, the whiche (of trothe) I accompte as friuolous, the fruites of an idell braine, and the imaginations of a yong hedde, wherevpon, in good fellowe-ship (Anthonio) I praie thee leaue these vnsauerie inuectiues, and learne this lesson of me, neuer dispraise till thou haste proued, if the faulte bee ministered, thou maiest boldelie accuse, meane tyme, sette a side all contumelious reproches, and vnwoorthie confutations, and bee not bis puer, before thou hast been semel senex.

You are trouellyng to Rome, where if your errour should bee bewraied, you should bee crucified for an hereticke, our curtisans would offer a Ducate a peece, to make thee beare a Faggotte, our holie Father would barre thee of his blessyng: and banneigne thee from thy Couent, and vncase a slouen of his habite, no place should bee leste for you, no pleasure shewed you, no bodie to intertaine you, vnlesse perhappes, some pretie noppes to make a ridyng stocke: would graunt you a breakefaste, and after she had laughed her fill, giue you Jacke Dromes entertainment; and thrust the contemner of Beautie, the dispraiser of Loue, the despiser of women, and the disparager of their honours, out of the doores.

Then it will so come to passe, that with many floutes thou shalt leaue Rome, and bee inforced to retourne home, where with shame inough your parentes will receiue you, and with open exclamations, the Maidens of Mantua will deride you,

then will you wishe you had been wise, and remember Simonides was a true Prophet. Take counsaill in tyme, or els bee partaker of your owne destruction, and reclaime your self before you bee espied, otherwise, my self (who at your amendement would reioyce) at your continuaunce will scorne, and account you for an obstinat Heretick, unworthie to haue residence amongst the societie of men.

Anthonio hauing giuen hym skope to discourse his fill, to driue the man into more melancholy, replied thus,

Now by your leaue (gentle Louer) lett me speake, and giue me tyme to tell a homely tale.

You haue bin in Heauen, you haue tryed secretes of Nature, you haue waded as farre as mans witte will serue you, and now in the windyng vp you haue concluded iust nothyng.

Certainely, Loue hath made you madde, you imagine euery painted Sepulcher a perfite and beautified personage, or (which is more likely) you are so grounded in conceipt of that whiche is not, that the worlde might esteeme, you haue forgot your self.

What wise man would haue delated so farre in praise of his owne foolishe fancie, or what is he (of discretion) would accompt one iot of your circumstaunce reasonable.

Beautie hath diuers patternes to set her suites to saile, and folly hath alowed sundrie sortes of eyes to like and choose.

That whiche pleaseth one man, is misliked of an other, and where bothe seeme to see moste, an other that can iudge of colours, will confirme a third opinion.

Thus likyng growes ad infinitum, and euery fancie hath his forme, and neuer a forme without a folly.

All hookte nosed men are not Ciceroes, neither eche that hath a scarre on his cheeke is Alexander.

This simple sotte will haue this good, this curious foole condemnes that for base, euery man thinketh his owne sight and iudgement best: but I esteeme most of his credite, whose eye is not partiall.

I will talke farther with you (Signior Simonides) and will call your Queene of folly from Heauen, and let her (if she can)

vtride the controuersie.

The Poetes faine Loue the sonne of a woman, a lasciuious Ladie, her sonne either was borne blinde, or otherwise he is blinded, but see he can not. He shooteth and she derecteth, to conclude, Lecherie aimeth.

The Arrowes that woounde are sightes, the sightes that indomage, are the ministers of a licencious bodie, the subiect staieth the Lorde, the tyme and opertunitie is, when the braine is vnoccupied: And now (my louyng Pilgrime) to tell you the very truth, the hole birth, begimping, wooryng and endyng of Loue, it begimneth in corruption, it is continued in folly, and it endeth in repentaunce. And can you (with all your Philosophie) make this heauenly. Now, you that professe to see all thynges, are starke starying blinde if you conceiue not this.

And yet you (forsooth) will be counted wise, who is moste subiect to greatest folly. Doe I nippe you Simonides, nate I will bite you more bitterly, I haue my lesson at fingers ende, nate, I haue truth on my side, and therefore the more able to ouerthrowe your foolishe surmises. When euer sawe you a man of wisedome or staidnesse, a man of studie or discipline, that hath bin beaten with these misfortunes: truely none, Loue hath no force but in twoo sortes of men, the one youthly and idle, the other olde and licencious.

A youthly idle man sleepeth in sinne, afflicteth his owne soule, mispendeth his tyme, consumeth his goodes, impaireth his good name, wasteth his landes, consumeth the very marrowe of his bones, he followeth errour, and is eated vp in errour: and thus his daies, his thoughtes, his good opinion, and instinct of vertue, his braue personage and ripe witte, are altogether lenified and laied lowe, by this onely sinne, and fitte of franticke desire.

An aged man vnchast, dispyseth the heares of experience, if he marrie, he maintaineth a woman to others vse, he liueth in suspicion, in Iealousie, in peruersnesse: the conclusion is, he hindereth his owne healthe, he distempereth his feeble bodie,

with

with how many Ciatticas, Goutes, Stranguries, Coughes Crampes, and suche other, are thei possessed withall. A worthie reward for their unsaciate demeanures, these bee the fruites of their follies, this is the reward of so vile a desaster, this synne cleaueth to the bones, it abateth the benefite of the bloud it dulleth the vitall powers, and euaporateth the commoditie of mannes increase.

Now my louer, if reason haue any force in thee, canst thou chuse: but lament at thyne owne indiscretion.

O that thou diddest knowe, how the worlde laugheth to scorne our Louers: how it smileth at our foolishe practises, thou wouldest then desiste thy follie, and thanke me for my counsaill. Louers haue twoo sortes of followers, whiche wee maie tearme to bee the familiars, that is Baudes, and Flatterers. The firste, how greate mischeef they worke emongest yong Maidens, maried wiues, yea, and sometyme with suche as hath been accompted for staied Matrons. I referre it to the heedefull eyes of the wise, who with sorrowfull contempte, are faine to wincke at those misdemeanours, and to lamente the future ruine of many gallante gentilwomen. For Flatterers, what wonderfull incombraunces, dooe thei procure in a Common wealthe: how greate mischeef in a quiet State, that I wonder thei carrie suche credite, but especiallie, with menne of iudgement.

O Loue, that blindest the harte, dullest the vnderstandyng, restrainest all good contemplation, and makest the bodie subiecte to actuall synne.

None but vnreasonable menne would admitte flatteryng seruitours, all menne (excepte Louers) haue been able to espie the inormities of luryng tongues, it is fonde hope that leadeth freendlie Lechers to trust muche, to suffer faire speeches, to brooke greate abuses, and to esteeme euery faunyng pleasure, as some deuine commoditie.

This (Simonides) is true, these are tried poinctes of practise, neuer a Curtisan in your Countrey, but can saie thy lesson by harte, and my thinkes you your self haue learned your lesson without booke, you are a Champion of Cupides, and a

swoorne

swoyne Souldior to Loue, and for a little repentaunt pleasure (beleue me) you haue made your selfe a Necocke. Be it I haue misse somewhat in declarying of a Countrey, I am sure I haue litle failed of the matter. Your Princely comparisons, are but petrie conclusions, whiche are as easie to decide, as thei are fondlie uttered, and more fitte to bee derided, then necessarie to be followed.

For your constancie in women, you haue made a faire proofe, and I thincke for your grounded reasons, our Italian dames, will soner alowe you a Coxcombe, then an Acturuies fee. But (sir) let us assende unto your Goddes and Mistres lacinious Venus, looke uppon her Vulcan, he is Cornuted, and Mars had the use of the feeld bedde to bothe their shames: Now (sir) consider with your selfe, if your greate goddesse be lauashe of her honour, who is your gouernour, and the directer of your proceedynges (as you saie) what hope of the reste that are but followers under that Ensigne. Truely you be accompanie of maimed Souldiors, and GOD knoweth, more hardie then wise: I can but wonder in conceipte, to see the inormities of lust, and the madnesse of those men whiche seeyng the flame, are not yet afraied of the fire, and beholdyng the fondnesse of others, can not yet refraine, from prosecutyng their owne follie to the ende.

Well amorous Pilgrime, take my counsaile, leaue your mothers teate for toothlesse babes to disporte withall, and for it, betake your selfe to your booke, in which you shall finde such store of recreation, suche haboundaunce of comforte, suche increase of good nurture, as no fonde delightes shall sequester your thoughtes from vertue.

Tyme drayweth on daiely, your yeares multiplie, lett not your vertues decrease.

If you had a will that intyced you to Loue, recouer now a witte, to see the errour in Loue, better counsaile can you not haue, more holsome aduise I can not giue you: If you be obstinat you harme but your selfe, if you accept of my courtesie, I proffer it freendly, if you take it as I meane it, you will followe it willyngly.

T. I. I

I neither passe for the entertainement of Romishe Curtisans, neither yet for the purueiaunce of my dyet, my fare shall be accordyng to my coste, simple and cleanly.

For our holy father he is mercifull, and I doubt not but if I sende a golden Ducat in my message to him, I shall finde pardon for more greater errours then I haue committed.

Therefore (Simonides) these pleasaunt iestes of yours are inconuenient, because thei moue not, thei be newe nothynges for children, and no reasons to perswade men.

Ie were good (therefore) you left your sportyng, and learne by my counsaile to keepe a meane, whiche if you doe I assure you, you shall neuer be subiect to Loue, nor subdued by lust, your state shalbe content, and your life shall be continent, no errour shall mysleade you, no foolish fantasie shall serue you, no wowyng shall besotte you, no vice shall withdrawe you, no glarying beautie shall intice you, and what knowledge but shall serue you.

Simonides beeyng greeued in the gall, began to spite out this inuectiue.

Oue dispiser of beautie and disparager of women, will thy railyng tongue neuer be reclaimed from blasphemie, shall I finde thee still contentious? O most pernicious vice that hath entered his very bones, it is not credible a naturall man could speake thus.

Did not these eyes beholde the power of the Goddes, did not this harte pitie the plague of the Sycapherus, did not this witte contriue the release of Tiberus trouble, and should then myne opinion wyth with my senses, should I beleeue a shuttle witted Mecock, whom neither modestie gouerneth, nor honestie regardeth, whose bloode should be amongst the Hircan Tygers, and birth amidst the sauage beastes of the Forrest. I abhorre thee Anthonio; I abhorre thee, I hate the grounde thou treadest on: Cupid, beare witnesse I speake it from my harte.

You Louers, whose desire is to enioye your beautifull delights, to possesse incredible pleasures, to attaine vnto the hauen of happinesse, where you maie haue your Oze of intended

nesse, despise this Pilgrime, abhorre his companie. Cities, disdaine to harbour hym: Diana, graunte hym no shroude in the Forrest. Ceras, let hym sterue for bread: Bachus, let hym want thy liquour: You droppyng heauens, let hym finde no water to moisten. Pluto, drie vp all the Wellsprynges of thy palace the yearth, where he commeth. You sacred Heremites, helpe to disroabe hym. Thou Yearth, swallowe hym quicke into thy Center.

For me I defie thee Anthonio, I accompte thee an Hereticke, and so will leaue thee: Farewell too precise Puritan: Whiche saied, Simonides in a rage begaune to bee packyng, whiche Anthonio perceiuyng, desirous yet to laugh a litteli more, he followed his former discours, and replied to his Iuuective in this: You call me Puritan Simonides, I take you to bee one of the Famulie of Loue, if I bee to precise, thou art to perishe: Your cursynges shall tourne to blessynges, and your vngodlie reasons, to your owne confusion: Your little witte makes you so wilfull, and to a man that is besotted in foolishe Loue, good counsaill is as a blaste of winde, you haue tasted of the sloudde Lethe, and you haue now forgotten your self, that you are Simonides, and trust me Loue hath made thee madde. And I see there is no waie to reclaime thee, till thou hast been pinchte with pouertie, plagued with nerelliue, and pinde with all discommoditie, this must bee the meane, to make Simonides knowe hym self, and this is the onely remedie, whiche you maie perceiue the abuse of your follie.

So now Simonides, if you please, you maie to Rome before, and if you like not my companie, you maie passe at your pleasure, and I can followe at myne owne leasure. Simonides, without any woorde, went as faste as his feete could carrie hym, blowyng out in his furie, all the curses he could inagen againste Anthonio, who (indeede) had giuen hym good counsaill.

Anthonio, followed easilie on, laughyng verie hartely, to see the follie of our Spanishe Louer.

Long trauelled Simonides penslue, and verie heauie, full of displeasure, euery waie Melancholie, and fretted with sor-

rowe: euery pace with this passion, euery steppe with that studie. Truely it is straunge to see the weaknesse of men, whiche are infected with this follie, he is apte to receiue no good instructions, but the more he is laboured with wholsome admonitions, the faster he followeth his errour to the ende.

Pandora hath opened her boxe, and filled the aire with her infected fumes: for this is now the guise of the worlde, these be the foure steppes of follie, these are the vices, that gate vp all our seedes of vertue: These make the bodie weake, the members vnnecessarie, our hope frustrate, our harte dissolute, takyng awaie bothe the beginnyng and endyng of honeste life, and makyng vs loathsome in the eye of the worlde.

Gentilmen and faire Ladies, this is deuised for the pleasure and profite of you, here maie you (as it were in a Mirrour) behold bothe vertue and vice, the good and bad, how muche the one profiteth, how greatly the other hindereth: If you se that Loue is daungerous, full of inormities, subiecte to inconuenience, refuse it, and let your owne knowledge make you contemne it, if you finde that vertue is honourable, makyng vs renowmed in the worlde, and to leaue an immortall name of honour to our posteritie, hunte after her, she derecteth all thinges in mediocrite, so that if you seeke her, you shall neuer bee subiect to inconuenience: if you delight in her, you shall haue the wealthe of the worlde, and the perfecte habite of a deuine soule.

What made Cæsar to be dyetied, but his vertue, what caused Erostratus to be infamus, but his vices, in Cæsar honour for maintainyng the common state, in Erostratus shame, for burnyng the famous Temple of Diana. Catalyne, for conspiracies against Rome, chronicled for an enemie to the Empire, Tully, for findyng out his conspiracies, was honoured with the tytle of Pater patrie: Uertue hath two workynges, soule and bodie, the soule by it is made a partaker of deuine intelligence, communicateth with Aungelles, and besides, hath relation to the brightnesse it shall possesse: whiche beyng severed from the bodie, it shall be made beauenly.

The bodie by vertuous demeanure, hath habitude, liberalitie,

litie, good behauiour, with a number of other commodities, whiche concure to the makyng of a happie man.

Since therefore, soule and bodie, actions and contemplations, proceede from vertue, sith the distruction of the soule and the corruption of the bodie doe spryng from vice.

And for that both are united and laied together in this little volume, accept (I beseeche you courtious Gentlemen and vertuous Ladies) the good, and for the bad, let it shift for it self, esteeme so of this my labour, that I haue enterprysed it for your pleasure, and haue ended it for your profite.

And because our Simonides, at his departure is growne so obstinat, and his harte so indurat, hym self so malancholy, he can vtter nothyng, his mynde so troubled, that he is not able to determine any thing. I am inforced to leaue him on his Journey, and to meete hym at Rome, where when my leasure maie better serue me, and that my tyme maie well permitte me, you shall knowe the rest of his Pilgrimage, so well as my blunt pen maie discipher. In the meane tyme I beseeche the powers, to graunt Simonides sake trauelyng, and better witt, that when he shal returne home againe to his Clarinda, and finde her in her setled opinion, he may through his tryed experience, both be able to rule him self and counsaile others, against the foolishe forces, of this vaine and fonde desire.

FINIS.

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TO THE RIGHT HO-
nourable my verie good Maiſter,
Sir Chriſtopher Hatton Knight, Captaine of her Maieſties Gward, Uizcham= *berlaine to her highneſſe, and one of* her Maieſties moſte Honoura- ble pziuie Counſaill.

YOVR SOVLDIOVR *(right honorable) hath betaken hymſelf to his penne, ſithe there is no meanes to imploye hym to the practiſe of his Pike: he hath (to auoide idelneſſe) laied open his little ſkill to the worlde, and requeſted the well lettered to lette ſlippe his errours, ſince thei paſſe vnwetyngly, and in his owne knowledge he winketh at ſomewhat, leaſt he ſhould ſeeme curious: and perhappes pretermitteth neceſſities, in that thei require matter paſſyng his reache.*

He hath dedicated his triſles vnder your honourable title, to the ende at leiſure, thei might ſerue you to laugh at. For other, thei ſhall finde bothe Honie, if thei indeuour as the Bee, and

poiſon, if thei enterpriſe as the Spider. My flou-res bee of full growthe, and minister ſweete and ſowre ſmelles, to ſundrie complexions: If thei pleaſe your honour with their homely rudeneſſe, for backbityng Ignoraunce, I esteeme it of ſmall importaunce. I had rather the Enuious ſhould woorke me credite, by their iniurious follie, then the noble myndes of my valiaunt good Lordes, ſhould any waies miſſe of accuſtomed pleaſure, and the fruites of my ſeruiceable, and dutifull endeuour; and thus

I moſte humbly take my leaue.

Your honours Souldior and Seruaunt humblie to com-maunde.

Barnabe Riche.

To the noble Gentilmen of *Englande: Barnabe Riche Soul-* dior, sendeth greetyng.

Entilmen, for your pleasures, I haue laied open the Anatomie of a curious heuer, the fantasies of an Amorous Heremite, the cõstancie of a vertuous lady, the mediocritie of a gratious Prince, the confession of a deuoute Matrone, the description of notable *Pandarina*: the passion of a solitarie Shepeherde: the discourse of a gallante Souldior: the graue aduise of an auncient Father, the wholesome counsaill of a yong brother Pilgrime: and to conclude, the passionate demeanure of a foolishe obstinate Louer.

I haue the rather indeuoured to laie this open to the worlde, for that (now adaies) it is more infected with this folly, then affected with the desire of continent chaidnesse. This booke bringeth pleasure with profite: it reproueth vice in his owne habite, and manifesteth vertue, by openyng the infection of errour.

All this (Gentilmen) I haue dooen for your sakes, to whose pleasure I cõmende my paines.

For the acceptaunce of my labour, as there

are twoo sortes of men that shall see it, so there is but one sorte that will like it.

The well lettered will wincke at an errour, the capcious misliker, will finde faulte without acause.

For the one I will honour his Modestie, for the other I will laugh at his follie: For he that correcteth in opinion, shall bee accoumpted vnwise, by aduised iudgement.

If wee striue aboute the letter, and leaue the sence, wee might seeme, desirous to write verballie, rather then wiselie.

The Souldiour (how so euer the worlde goeth) hath sette out this Whetstone for yong wittes, wishyng that his vnlettered diligence, might make their Idell tymes, better occupied.

If this please well, I will wade farther: if it displeaseth the ignoraunte, I am vndoubtedlie perswaded of the wise.

But please or displease, the worlde muste now vewe it, who since it is a toy, do but vse it as a trifell: now read it, strait loose it: farewell.

B. R.

¶ Thomas Lodge Gentilman, in praiſe of the Auĉthours wooke.

WHerewanteth iudgement and aduiſed eye,
To noate or coate, the thyng that is amiſſe,
Good Riche a wiſeman hardly can denye,
But that your Booke by me ill mended is:
My hedde ſuche pleaſure can not brooke by gis
Whoſe long diſtreſſe hath laied his Muſe to reſt,
Or duld his Sprightes, or ſences at the leſt.

Some errours yet, if any ſuche there bee,
Your willyng mynde, maie quicklie them ſubdue,
For wiſemen winke, when often tymes thei ſee,
Yet fooles are blynde, when moſte thei ſeeme to vewe,
Of proude contempt this miſchief doeth enſue,
That he that ſcornes the fruite of honeſt toile,
From bace regard, hymſelf can ſcarce aſſoile.

The wiſeſt men, for that thei mortall were,
Did runne amiſſe, and kept not leuell ſtill,
Some wanton woorkes, ſome grauer ſtile did beare,
Yet eche proceeded from the ſelf ſame quill:
Wee ought not thinke, that thoſe mens myndes were ill,
For ſure the vice, that thei did laye in ſight,
Was for to make it growe in more deſpight.

I leaue thee now, my Muſe, affordes no more,
A doiefull dumpe, pulles backe my pleaſaunt vaine,
Looke thou for praiſe, by men of learned lore,
Deſpiſe the ſkoffe, that growes from ſhuttle braine,
For me I honour thee for taking paine,
And wiſhe eche youth, that ſpendes his tyme amiſſe,
Would fixe his penne to write ſuche woorkes as this.

Vita miſero longa, fælici breuis.

The Printer to the courteous Reader.

Who frames his pen, to please eche readers mynde,
Or writes to teache all men dame vertues lore:
Shall suche confused stuffe and method make,
As nere was writ, or came to passe before.
He pleaseth none, that would content vs all,
As good sit still therefore as rise and fall.

To write of mirthe, delightes naught whitt the Drone,
To muche of witte, doeth loath the foolishe sotte:
The capticus mate, would serue his mynde alone,
All graue preceptes are now a daies forgotte.
Who pleaseth not the worlde shall reape no gaine,
And who so doeth shall spende his tyme in vaine.

If decent mirthe bemixt with pleasaunt stile,
Maie moue thy minde good reader to delight:
Accept his will, reward his paine with praise,
Whiche did this fine and pleasaunt storie wright.
Wherein thou shalt, of witte and learnyng finde,
Sufficient store to please, thy courteous minde.

The faultes are myne, that passed haue the Presse,
The praise is his, that tooke the paine to penne:
Yet paines to bothe, of truthe I must confesse,
A thankelesse woorke, to please all kinde of menne.
Yet as it is receiue, and there an ende,
A woorke well likte of all, is wisely pende.

FINIS. R. W.

The moſt pleaſant and delectable Hiſtorie of SIMONIDES and CLARINDA.

IN the renowned Citte of CIVILL, a famous parcell of Spayne, two moſt aſſured friendes of equal vertue, & indoubted wealth made their abode: to whome, both Nature added perfectiõ, in that they were friendly, and neybourhod wrought Amytie, by long intercourſe: Lawmenio, reioyced in his Calides, equal vertues procure iuſt proportions, & friendſhips way downe to the Center of aduiſment: And as continuance had enterchangeably performed a league betweene the aged Parentes, ſo God and Nature (the perfiters of ſubſtance) with equal diſtrybution, imparted the ſeedes of the Parentes loue, to the corporall conformytie of the children: Lawmenios ſonne, was chriſtened Simonides: Calides, reporteth his Daughters name, to bee Clarinda: Now, what indifferent Judge can denie, that the fathers vertues are not anſwerable in the children, ſince their vices are ſo cõmon: The fathers were friends, nature made the children friendly, hauing a greater yſſue when their yeares were forward to perfection.

These yong Ymphes (as the propynquite of place requyred) had often intercourſe, youthly practiſes, and chyldiſh conueyances: and as their yeares grew, ſo increaſed their affections, while youth ſerued (I meane the tyme vnſeaſoned with impreſſions of likyng:) My virgyn Clarinda, would play with her Simonides: yet when Simonides had gotten yeares on his backe, my Youthe muſt pray his Clarinda.

Oh Gentles sée these times, yeares are the Mistresses of sinnes, and childhode the minyster of Innocency: my cople in youth loue naturall consorte, in yeares of discretion vnnaturally dismembre nature, who (as the wiseman sayeth) hath made vs all for increase. Simonides, at yeares of discretion, is calde on by his Father to marry. Clarinda, at her prime perfection, is vowed by Diana to chastitie. A hard summons, where beautie shall not yelde to sensualitie, by whom (as the Poets fayne) she was bred.

The Youth whom towardenesse had ledde to iudge of coulours, considering the harde, and importunate commaund of the parentes, and the willing instigation of his owne nature: bethought himselfe of his choice, considering with hymselfe, that hée that marrieth, weddeth for lyfe, not for yeares: whereuppon hée determined to like of his possession before he would enter.

Amongst his Ciuill Maydens, hée bethought him of his choyce, for hys Father had determyned the lymyts.

Shamefastnesse, (the Badge of youthe) made him loath to attempt vnknowne Fortes: and an olde inueterat conceipte, made him amongst all other opinions, to say a prayer at Clarindaes Shrine: for Don Cupid had commaunded that she onely shoulde be Misteris of his affections, which he perceiued: (for inward conceipt, rules our outward apperations,) bethought himselfe, of his she neighbour, his olde companion: and hauing some secreat oportunitie, and hérewithall imaginynge, that Clarinda woulde wedde, as well to playe in earnest, as shee coulde vouchsafe, to driue away e the time in iest, fynding place conuenient hée vttered this discourse.

My Misteris Clarinda, if you knewe, what message I bringe, and heare the enterparle I must imploye, perhappes, the straungenesse wyll make you maruell: but

but the neceſſitie inforceth mée to ſpeake: You and I (fayre Virgin) haue two louing parentes, whoſe inward loues, haue bene furtherers of our acquaintaunce: My Father hath mée his onelye ſonne, to increaſe his progenie: your Calides, hath you his onely Daughter, to multiplye in addition, and to endeuour your ſelfe, that your Fathers labour, be not determined in you: I am commaunded to wed, and you were borne to loue: I am to make my choice, if for acquaintaunce, ſhoulde I refuſe Clarinda: if for beautie, I néede not ſéeke Venus: for vertues, as they are hardly founde in Women, ſo are they not to ſéeke in you: You are a Mayde, whereuppon I haue determined with my ſelfe, ſynce inwarde Fancye hath made me ſette my lyking, on your ſweete ſelfe: to trye out the extremyties, and to leaue no ſubmiſſion vnſought for, or ſeruice vndone, vntyll I haue gayned the hope of my aſſuraunce, whiche vertuouſlye, I wyſhe to bée accomplyſhed, by Wedlock.

But for that the verdite, muſt paſſe vnder your owne allowaunce, and the ſentence of my good Fortune, dependeth on the iudgement of your aduyſed lykynge: Giue mée leaue a little, to make way to my purpoſe, and to leuyll at your thoughtes, whereby a mutuall conſent, by verball agréement may bée had. Two cauſes in Nature, haue endeuored my thoughts, to the liking of you: Fyrſt, your vndoubted vertues, nert your rare beautie: Your vertues, as time hath wrought them, are growne to their full rypneſſe: your beautie, as Nature made it, is the Enſigne of honeſt and fauourable ſymplicitye.

Now, where youth hath iudgement, how may it bée: that fyndinge you the onely Paragon of perfection in CIVILL, hée ſhoulde deſiſt to honour you, and to make hys choyce amongſt our vncyuell SPANISH Ladyes: whoſe outwarde deuotion is to Heauenlye:

whose domesticall practises are to deuilysh: Now fayre Damsell, what deeme you? what dumpes are you growen into? hath not the Shafte of Cupid yet pearced your inuiolable Chastitie? are my perswasions of no effect? worke they no wonders? assuredlye for (my part) they purporte the discourse of an honest mynde, how so euer they be allowed off in your fantasie:

This younge Nouice and fayre Clarinda, hauinge attentiuelye harde the wordes of her young play felow Simonides, (lyke to the vnruly Heyfer not yet staled,) so her Maydenlyke demeanures not yet altered, gaue scope to sundrie imaginations, now driuing this way, now turning that way, to discouer the fyrme lande of the proposed discourse: and although she felte a little ticklyng heate make some motions of after allowance, yet beinge of so much Maydenlyke perfection, as that she coulde alwayes folow the soule, yet sometime serue the flesh, after some Rethoricall pause, with a certayne amorous (yet coy) countenaunce, she answered thus: Don Simonides it may not be, but that as nature hath alowed you exquisit proportion, so disdained she not, but that you shoulde bée partaker of some perfection: And though she hath made mée a weake vessell vnable to resist, yet hath she graunted all Womankinde an aduised will to refuse: for at our fyrst byrth we receiue impressions of good and bad, and as yeares increase, so our vertues and vices growe to the top, the one to the perfection of the mynde, the other to the destruction of the bodye: and though man be borne to attempte, yet Women were made to maintaine: and must you nœdes wed Simonides, when you spéede, God giue you ioy: of truth there be fayre Dames in Ciuill, beautifull inough, but for our old acquaintaince, learne this of mée ioyne Beautie with honestie, the wrong I shall haue, I shall lose myne olde chaste play felowe, who vppon an earthly commaunde, is determyned to hazarde the Immortalytie of hys Soule.

Ah

Ah Simonides, Simonides, would thy Father haue thée wed, and hast thou made thy choice of mée, O vniuſt Father, O vnequall choice: what wiſdome hath thy Sire to make thée gouernour of many, that art yet inſufficient to rule thy ſelfe, & to make thée a bye word to the worlde, where now thou art a ſpectacle of chaſt honour? what calamities (my olde friende) ſhouldeſt thou féele, when thy wealth ſhould be impaired by ill ſeruaunts? thy memorie wered with many worldlye ſorrowes? perhaps an vniuſt wife, amongſt many Children ſome muſt bée infortunate: Now counting this (my Simonides) what made you to chooſe mée, thinke you Fortune fauoureth mée to much? or is my chaſtitie an eye ſore to our nominated Maides of Ciuill? you thought your former honeſt entercourſe, would ſome what availe in this your later (yet iniuſter) commaunded ſocietie: no, no, the Fort is vnpregnable: chaſtitie wil preuaile, God gaue mée beautie, not to make mée vicious, but comlyneſſe to continue chaſt: wedlocke is honorable, but worldly, chaſtitie is deuine, yea, & more then that it is heauenly: what made (I pray you) our learned Progenitours to haue ſo often reuelations, viſions, perfections, but onely chaſt lyfe and deuout prayer, whereby they were famous in their poſteritie, and gayned a Crowne of immortalitie: I know my ſpéeches are not ſeaſoned to your lykinge, but in that they bée bitter, they be cordiall: Simonides, take this anſwer: Clarinda was borne chaſt, and wyll die chaſt, and if you pleaſe to vſe her as an honeſt friend, deſiſt from ſéeking to make her your wedded pheare: I had rather (my Fathers name ſhould ende in my chaſtitie, then the ofſpring of my loynes ſhould be the diſhonour of our houſhould: you ſée my nature my Simonides, I hope you wyll ſue no more ſéeinge your repulſe is ſo manifeſt: Clarinda wyll be your chaſt Siſter to commaunde, you muſt ſéeke ſome other companion for your bed, ſhe will reſt a Virgin.'

Simonides hauing heard the determined opinion of

his Mistresse:and seing the Anker of his hope was bereft of the Table of comfort, grewe into an extasie of mourning and lamentacion: and withdrawing himselfe from her presence to his owne chamber,in melancholy deuocion,entred this Discourse.

Not without wisdome,the world is reported Sphearicall, in that it still turneth: and with iudgement, Fortune is said to be blinde,for that she is flæting: our hopes are determined by yea and nay : our pleasures hange in the Balance of likyng:and when we thinke we haue the fastest foting,life is most subiect to declininge : we ymagyn euerye strange thinge a God : euery Idea of Folie, is become our Summum bonum: Our necessarie and naturall members,are displaced of their ordinarie courses:for beyng first created as the Mynisteres of the soule, now are they the disturbers of our Innocencie: Our Brayne, in stead of wise Preceptes , is cloyed with idle Imaginatiõs:our eyes,the dæmers of our discretion,are made the blindenes of the insight of our soules : I had thought that no perswasions,could induce me to Follies, but now, I finde mine owne Imperfection.

O vaine man that I am,what brainsicke Imagynation is that which should depresse my Immortalytie?

Pardon me(my swæte Clarinda,) Simonides wyll bée no more passionate:but a sodain hot feuer ouerruleth my sences:I would refuse and can not:and am conquered by him that is not, so mine owne affections are mine owne destruction:I must loue,but whome? Clarinda hath refused me,for other choyce,I find hardly any worthy : yet there be many fayre Dames in Ciuill, but none so vertuous:many as riche,but fewe so relygyous.

But she list not loue, and why? thou art not worthy her loue : O Nature,why was I made so deformed? O iniust tymes,that drawe lykyng without equalytie, and infortunate Planets, that bestow not your effecte accordynge to mediocritie ; but one repulse is of modestie : no

Forte

ſorte wyll yelde withoute encounter: thy Spæches are Adamantiue. they wyll drawe yron: vayne wordes, vaine hopes, vayne loue: Vanitas vanitatum: Simonides leaue theſe affections, thou haſt a reſolute anſwere, die (wretche) if thou canſt not liue honeſt.

Vſinge theaſe, and ſuche like Speaches, the Nouice grewe ſickly and became weake: his orient rednes, forſooke his chækes, and weakenes burniſhed his face with wanne paalenes, whiche beynge ſpied by his friendes, whoſe eyes are euer watchful ouer their children: Phiſitions were ſent for, who though they myniſtred drugs, yet leſſened no dollor: the Parentes became ſorrowful, the Sonne to amorous.

Calides, vnderſtanding the miſfortune of his Neighbour Lawmenio, accompanied with his Daughter Clarinda, came to viſit the carefull Father and his craſed Sonne: at whoſe comminge, the louing SIMONIDES, recoueringe ſome parcell of his former perfection, by the view of his ſecret miſteris, called for his Lute, and being ſerued with an amorous muſe, ſomthinge to the Fathers comfort, and to the eaſe of his owne minde, in mournefull wiſe, he recorded this Dittie.

TO liue in loue, alas what hap haue I?
Who dying liue, yet neither liue nor dye:
What fickle Fates, and froward deſtinie,
Compels mee hope, and haue no reaſon why,
O CVPID, draw thy Arrow to the head,
To eaſe his harmes, which liues for to be dead.

¶My reaſons raine, doth draw affection in
But Beauties blaze, doth Fancy ſet on fyre:
Whilſt Wit, my Will, to maiſter dooth begin,
I thinke no looke, can force mee to deſyre:
Yet when this ſurge, of ſight doth beat my barke:
I blyndfoulde ſhoote, at randon at the mark.

I truſt

¶I truſt to mutch, and yeelde to euery blaſt,
Now hope dooth fill the compas of my ſayle,
Now deepe diſpaire, the Skie doth ouercaſt:
And dimmes the Sunne, which ſerues for my availe:
Both Sea and Sunne, both land and loue are bent,
Vpon poore I, their torments to frequent.

¶Care keepes the Forte, that comfort ſhould poſſes,
The key of truſt, by treaſon is retaind,
And gladſome hope, which wunted was to bleſſe:
My ſorowing ſoule, by curſed craft is painde:
O werie lyfe, nay liuing death to mee,
Who hopes for that, which is and will not bee.

¶By day my teares, accompanies my thought,
By night, a ſmilyng truſt doth make mee glad,
Yet want I that, for which I long haue ſought:
For why? report ſayes it cannot be had:
Wherefore thou God, that ſwaies the fyrie boe,
Diſpatch my lyfe, for to diſplace my woe.

¶O ſacred Cell, and ſhady deſert groue,
The onely Cabin, for a carefull mynde,
Would God theſe lymmes, were ready for to roue:
A ſilent ſeate, and Caben out to fynde:
Where wrung with woe, to PAN I might complaine
The hard diſtreſſe, that doth my body paine.

¶That whylſt in dolefull tunes I dyd recorde,
The harde repulſe, that Lady beautie gaue,
The water Nimphes, with all their ſweete accorde:
In mydſt of mone, might ſinge mee to my graue:
And leaue this laſt report, for men to reade,
He liu'de in loue not lou'd, and now is dead.

The later lines were chaunted with ſo mornefull melodie, as the hearers were inforced to ſhed aboũdance of teares, both to heare the learned diſcourſe of the louer, and to ſee the paſſionate deliuerie of the dittie, onely Clarinda who had giuen atentiue eare to the noate, and memoriter, coulde ſette downe the matter, began to deſcant of his plaine ſong in this ſort.

Although

Although (good Brother Simonides) I amongst so many, am least able to counsell you: yet by reason of the amytie of our Parentes, and the familiaritie, that hath passed betweene vs: I wyll be so boulde, to yelde you my simple aduise, which though it fyt not your body yet I doubt not, but it shall profyt your mynde: I muse what sodaine motion hath made you Melancholy, who naturally, both by your Fathers complection, and the constitution of your body, are pure sanguine. If humors worke your displeasure, an Apothycaries drugge wyll mende all: But if (as I am most perswaded) your affections mynister the matter of your maladie, reason must be the corsiue, to eate out the corruption which hath infected you.

Assuredly my pacient, (which words she vttered with a smyling regarde) the greatest conquerours were they, that coulde conquere themselues: and honour is soneste minystred to them, which can maister their owne affections: You must cast off these vnacquainted sorrowes, which as they are the slaues of imperfections, so they bee the disparadgement of an honorable minde: I haue alwaies, since my Childehood continued this good opinyon of you, that youth may worke in you a while, but discretion wyll master your will at laste. Good Simonides, haue care of your Father, respect his yeares: beholde my Parentes equally intercepted, with the like maladye: and for theyr sakes and myne, your louing Sister, let not vaine hope cary you away, for causes that be contemptible: neither sorrow much, for that slyding ioy, which is alwaies transitorye: and if it bee my fortune, to worke your amendement by my counsell, I doubt not but hereafter your opinyon wyll be setled, and your experience shall serue to supply my necessaries.

The discourse of this Damsell being ended, eche in presence, alowed her perswasion, onely Simonides, who coulde best coniecture of hir determination, with meeke voyce, (raysing hymselfe on his Pyllow) gaue her this

replye.

They do vnaptly determine of sicknes (my good mystres) that haue not ben subiect to diseases, for in all purposes (that I can remember) it is not possible by reason to redresse that which no medycine (touching the externall man) is able to mollifie, only in some outward dystemperature we finde this allay, that time shall eate out that, which, treakle cannot, for some enueterat euils in the face, may be remoued with medicyne, but a sorrowe being grafted in the harte, will hardly byde the grapell of persuasion: for my sycknes truely, it is a harte sore: the salue of which, since it is remoued from my hope, by froward displeasure, I deeme it were more fitter for me (passionat as I am) to die, then ouerburdened with weaknes and swalowed vp with sycknes, my life should proue to me a liuing death: wherevpon I most humbly requeste my parents pacience, lest their teares shed in my sight, be a greater increase of my sorrowe, for as theyr grefs cannot recall the day that is past, so theyr calamities cannot refresh me from my languishing passions: And for you my Clarinda, I yelde you harty thanks, who haue wisht that in me, that is in your selfe, a contented minde: but for my parte, I would before my death, that Fortune would alot me, to see an other happy in ý, wherein I am most vnfortunate, and then I deeme, fayre Mistres, you will conceiue, that your poore friend, was borne to beare the burthen, & an other to inioye the benefit: and for olde famyliarityes sake, report that he that felt the refusall, was as worthy (for his constancy) to inioye, as he that possesseth the castill of my comfort, deserued (for his valoure) to possesse.

These latter wordes were vttered, as thoughe they had passed from a Prophet of Trophonius.

The Parentes, seeynge the Furie of the Sickenesse of theyr Sonne to increase, and that their gentell and louing perswasions, rather wrought hys malancoly, then

wrought

brought him medycine, withdrew themselues: commendyng their sikly Sonne to the mercie of Asculapius: after whose departure thence, Simonides bethought himselfe of secret flight, being of opynion, that the chaunge of soyle, and protration of time, would weare out the remẽbraunce of his conceiued sorrow, and the rather, that his dedes, might aunswer his determynation: he inuested hymselfe into the order of traueyling Pilgrimes, to the performance of which, hee made hym an new habit, and being apareled with it, & stozde with sufficient to affray hys charges, hee secretlye (to his Parentes sorrowe.) by nyght betoke himselfe to his vowed Pilgrymage: and posting to avoyde the outscouts of his Father, hee lefte Castile to his Clarinda, and by Journies attained the citie of Caragoza: in which (being moued by the serenitie of the ayze, and the semelye scituation of the place, with the stately buildynges, and riche monumentes) hee made his abode ten dayes: from thence trauelinge to recouer Barcelona, the soner to imbarke for Italy, in midwaye, it was his fortune (being in meditation of his old loue, and swetest Clarinda,) to passe thorugh a fayze Feelde, the sytuation of which, it seemed Nature had so setled, as a rauished minde, in a distempered body, would haue thought it a second Elisiũ, in which Flora had abundantly bestowed her foysans: the Valyes delectable, semynge to bee the receptable of the Nimphes, the murmuring brooks, with grassy banks, a seemly Palace for the Driades, the launes leueled by arte, vnles a certaine Hillock: which Nature had left for a seate for Faunus: no want of wood for Satires: yet for all this, but a place of meditation for a Pylgrime, for in the toppe of a Hyll rayse in the mydest of that Medowe, there appeared to our louynge Simonides sight, a simple Hermytes House, and olde decayed Chapell, to the which hauyng attayned, hee entered, takinge hymselfe to his deuotion, where beyng in the meditation

of our Lord, for a farewel, forgot not the salutation of our Ladie: that done, entrynge into the Oratorie, fownde an aged man of sage countinance, to whome so sone as he had done reuerence, and receiued the lyke curtesie, with a vsuall benediction, he vsed this speache.

Although (reuerent Father) it is a part of smal sémelinesse to desire to know a Strangers secretes: yet, for that I sée, you carie the Hayres of Experience, and your yeares, betoken staiednesse, and my selfe haue néede of counsell, I beséeche you recount me the cause of your abode here, the Discourse of your trouble, and the intent of your solitarynesse?

The olde Father hearyng the request of the Gentelman, and delightyng in his youthe, seasoned with perfection, friendly answered him thus.

Twentie winters are gone and past, since time and Fortune allotted mée this Hermitage, the cause of my aboade here, since I sée it is a meane to worke you some delightes (good sir) thoe to mine owne sorow) I wyll satisfie your request, but that the serenitie of the aire, may somwhat mytigate the meditation of my mishap, I pray you take the payne, to resorte with me to my Siedge of contemplation, (whiche place was a promontorie of an exquisite prospect, both to behold ỹ Champyon countrey, and also the Cities scituate néere aboute:) where beynge setled, Simonides yeldynge the place his due deserued praise, he requested the Hermite to performe his promise to which, he wyllingly assented, and recounted his calamytie in this sorte.

You haue requested me (my sonne) to ryp vp the lamentable Discourse of my fortune, and to recorde those calamyties, the verie thoughts of whiche, makes me renewe myne olde passion: Knowe you (good sir) that my name is Aristo, of the citie of Caragoza, of good Parentage, the onely heire of my father, & the hope of his kynsfolkes: my youth was so fortunat (for a while) as I was of opinion, that pleasure was pertinent, & that hapinesse

had

had vowed to make his home in my harte, but ỹ blinded mistris shot at an other mark, dispoyling mée of my pleasure, bereauing mée of my rest, and drowning mée in the daungerous flood of myne owne fancies, making mée an Ensigne bearer to Cupid, with whom when I had serued long, according to place of desert, I enioyed my rewarde, which I so dearely estæmed, as by it my fyrste frame of blessednesse was buylded on, in the desolation of which, my felycytie was frustrated: I inioyed a paragon, who equallye imparted her perfections to mée, and with such good nature, requited my loyaltie, as I with admyration was rauysted in her beautie, wée both being of selfe same opynion, and chast desyre, to the ende, that the burning flame, that had entered the habytacle of our reason, might bee alayed for a time, and not extinguished for euer, (by our Fathers consent) betooke our selues to wedlocke, thinkynge it a most happy lyfe, where Hymeneus is most conuersant: and hauing, to our great solace, (with mutuall consent) inioyed our purposed delight, the space of eight monethes, iniust nature, vnequall tyme, cruell death, and frowning Heauens, bereste mée of my delyght, tamed my Fancie, and with the surge of sowre Fortune, drowned the continuaunce of my good hope: in stead of pleasure, heauynesse mynistred mée mone, & care incombered my decaying lyfe: sorrow and desolation tamed my heart, and comfort was expulsed, by conceiued dispayre. O Sonne, sée the chaunge of time, a man now happy, straight helpless, now compassed with Friendes, now ouerrunne with foes, this day riche, that day powre, at morne a Prince, by night a Pesaunt. Our worldly honour hangeth in a brittle ballance, and our estimatiõ runneth as the capacitie of the common people serueth: sometimes Cæsar renowned in the Senate, accompted a pater patrie, inuested with Princely Offices, oftentimes pretor, no small time Emperour, beloued of Brutus, saluted by Cicero: now Cæsar a tyrant, slaine in the Senate, hostis patrie, bereft of his Diadem, no pretor but predator: frõ an Emperour to a dead carkasse, gorde with his